CHOICE

SONGS and AYRES

FOR ONE VOYCE

To Sing to a *THEORBO-LUTE*, or *BASS-VIOL*.

BEING

Most of the Newest SONGS sung at *Court*, and at the Publick *THEATRES*.

Composed by several Gentlemen of His Majesties MUSICK.

THE FIRST BOOK.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. G.* and are to be sold by *John Playford* near the [illegible] and *John Ford* Stationer, at the *Middle-Temple-gate*, [illegible]

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the LOVERS of MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN & LADIES,

MUSICK is of different effects, and admits of much variety of Fancy to pleaſe all Humours as any Science whatever. It moves the Affections ſometimes into a ſober Compoſure, and other times into active Jollity. Theſe *Songs* and *Ayres* are ſuch as were lately Compoſed, and are very ſuitable and acceptable to the *Genius* of theſe *Times*. Many of the Words have been already Publiſhed, which gave but little content to divers Ingenious Perſons, who thought them as dead, unleſs they had the *Airy Tunes* to quicken them; to gratifie whom, was a great inducement to me for their Publication. The Tranſcriptions of moſt of theſe *Songs* were preſented to the Gentlemen who *Compos'd* the *MUSICK*, and by them allowed to be made publick. And herein likewiſe, to do the *Authors* right, my care and overſight of the *Preſs* was not wanting; but notwithſtanding all my diligence, ſome few *Errata's* have paſt, both in the *Words* and *Muſick*; which I deſire the Ingenious Peruſer to Correct. Theſe being accepted will encourage a ſecond attempt in this kind, with an endeavour to remedy what ſhall be any way objected againſt this Edition.

Yours,

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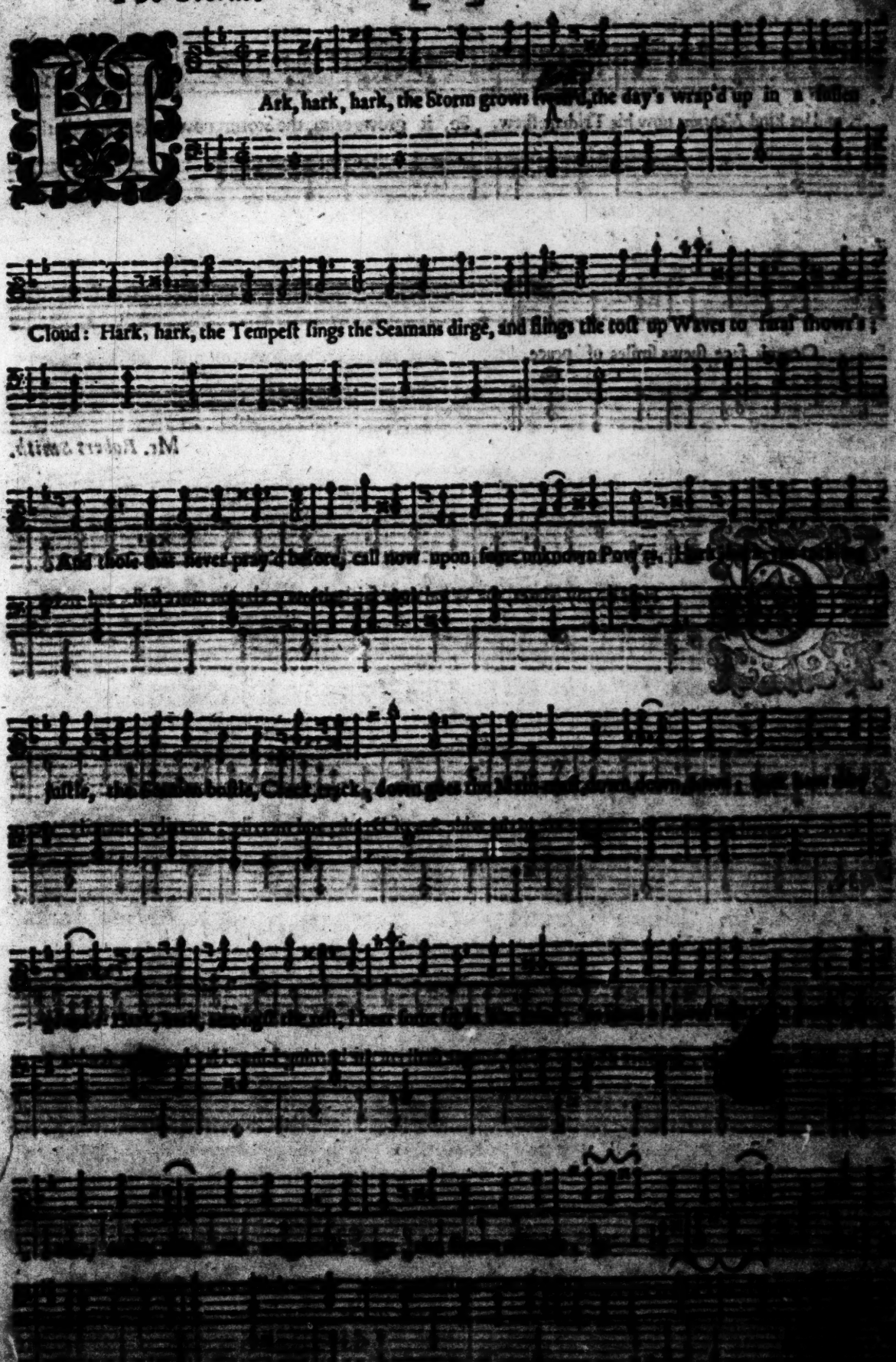
* Not reprinted in 1676

Advertisement.

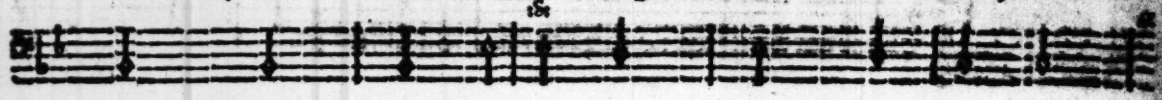
THose who desire to be furnished with New Songs or Tunes for several Instruments, may have them fairly Prick'd out by *John Ford* at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple-gate, Fleet-street.*

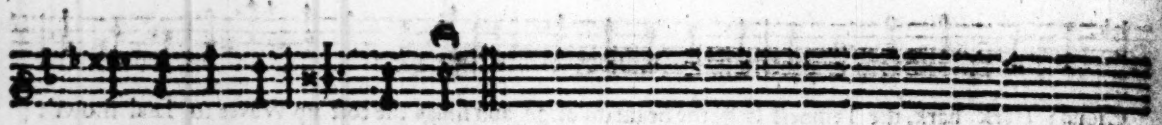
Every note, one note higher, w but flats [illegible] make it the same thing; but all [illegible] that are now in [illegible] will be proper to C [illegible] all flats in Alamire; will be proper to [illegible]

The Storm.


Hark, hark, hark, the Storm grows [illegible], the day's wrap'd up in a sullen
Cloud: Hark, hark, the Tempest sings the Seamans dirge, and flings the tost up Waves to fatal shows's;
And those that never pray'd before, call now upon some unknown Pow'rs. [illegible]
justle, the [illegible] bustle, Crack, crack, down goes the [illegible]
[illegible]

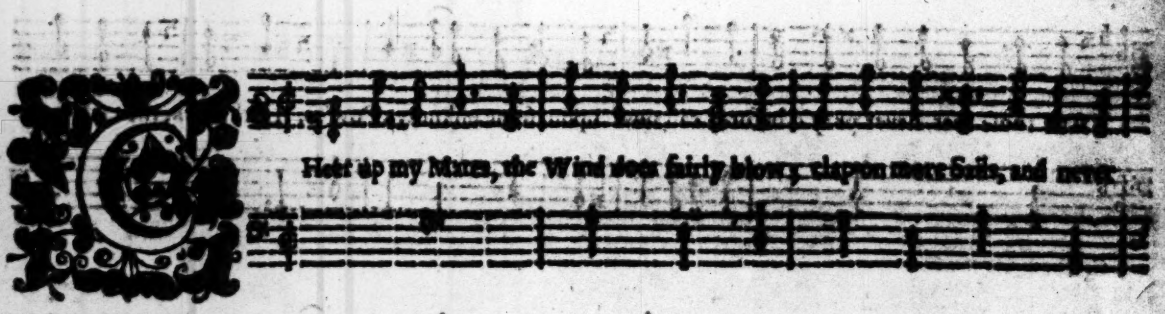
and let kind *Neptune* now his Trident ſhew. So, it grows calm, the Storms now ceaſe; and all the



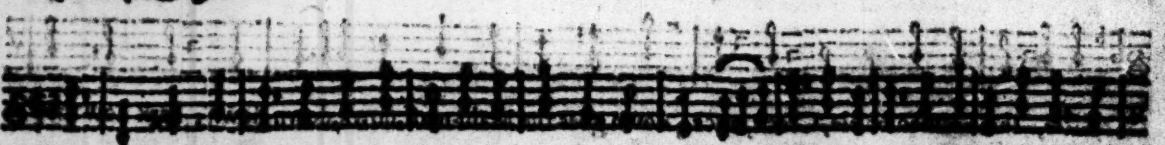


Ocean's face ſhews ſmiles of peace.

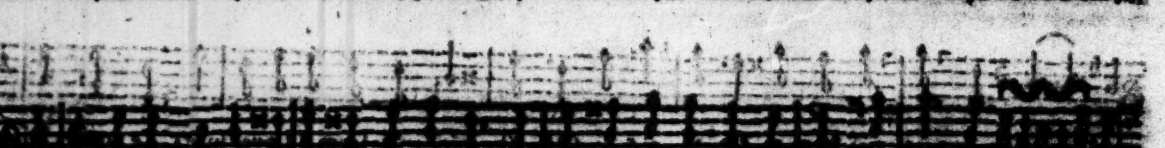
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

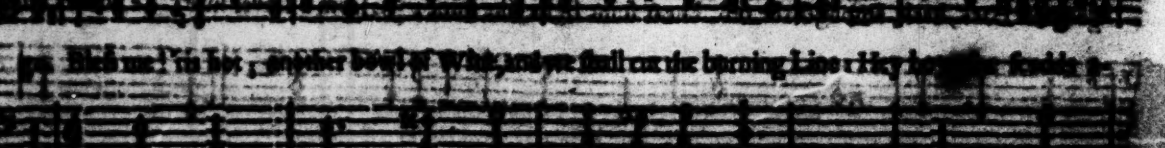


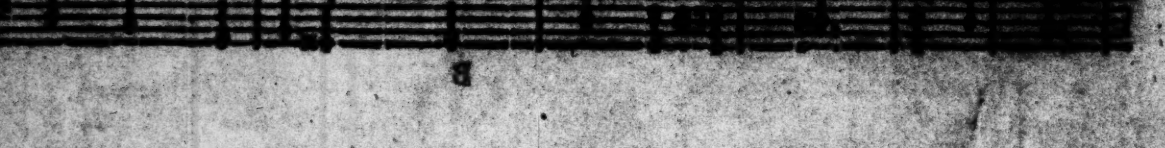
Cheer up my Mates, the Wind does fairly blow; clap on more Sails, and never



ſpare. Farewell all Bands, for now we are in the wide Sea of Drink; and merrily; merrily; merrily we







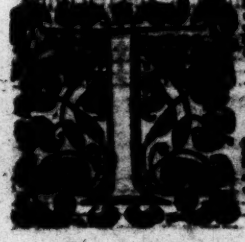
home, when abroad they may wantonly rome; and gain such experience, and spy too such Countries and

wonders as I do. But preethe good Pilot, take heed what you do, and fail not to touch at *PERU*, with

Gold there our Vessel we'll store, and never, never be poor, and never be poor any more.

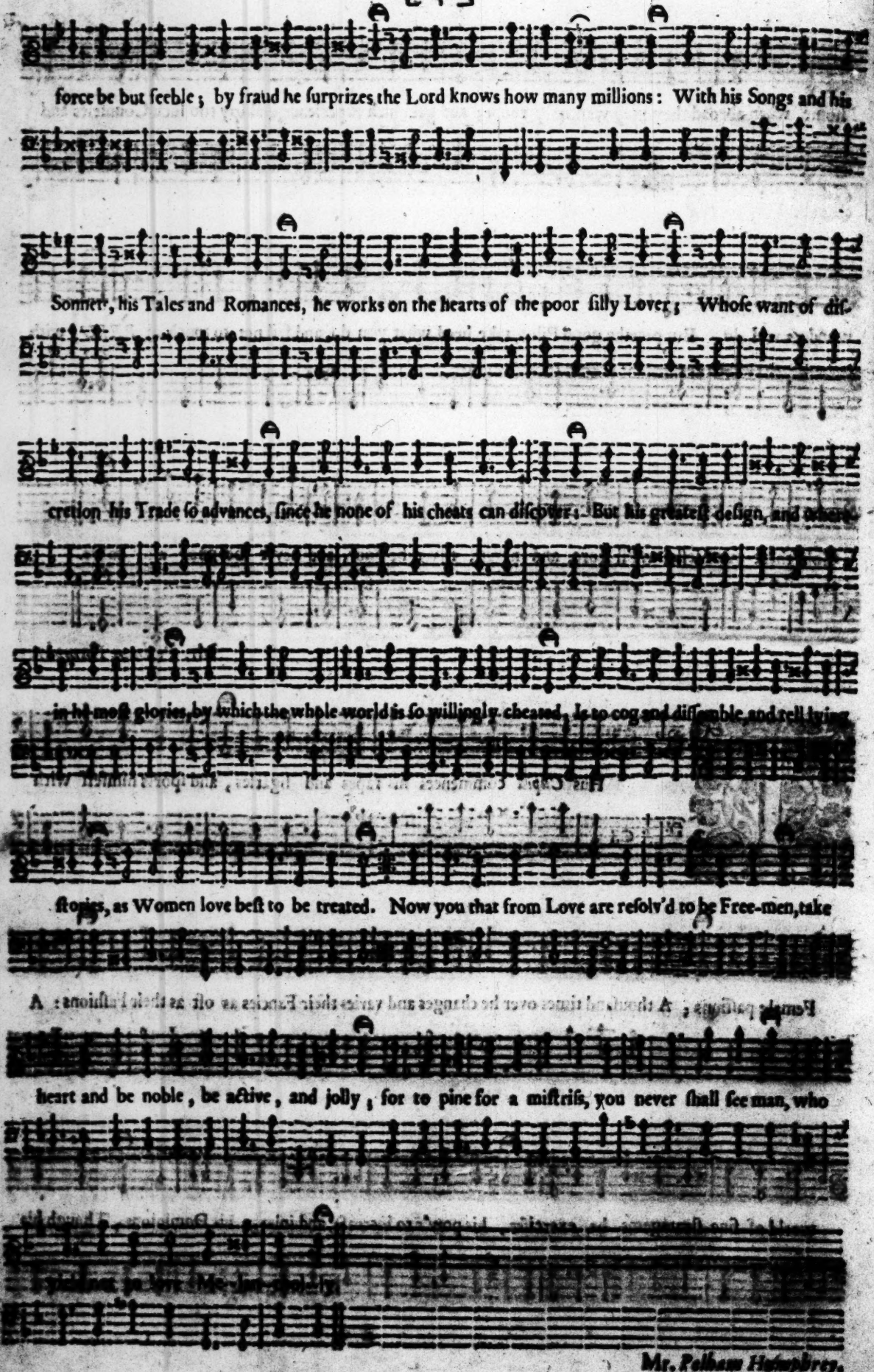
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

Has *Cupid* commences his rapes and sigaries, and sports himself with

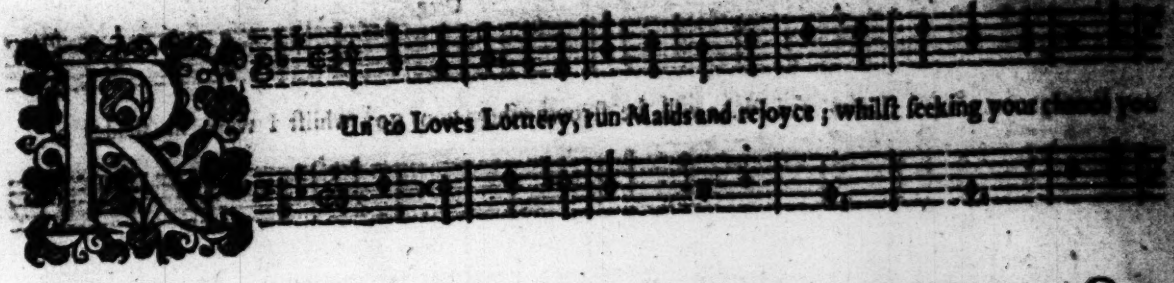


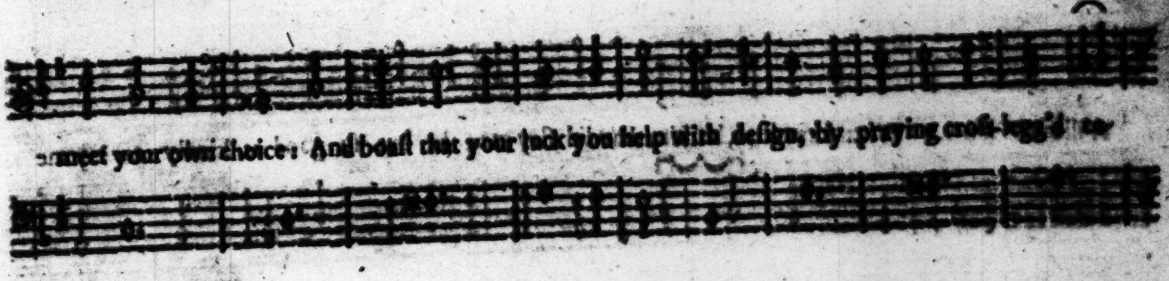
Female passions; A thousand times over he changes and varies their Fancies as oft as their Fashions; A

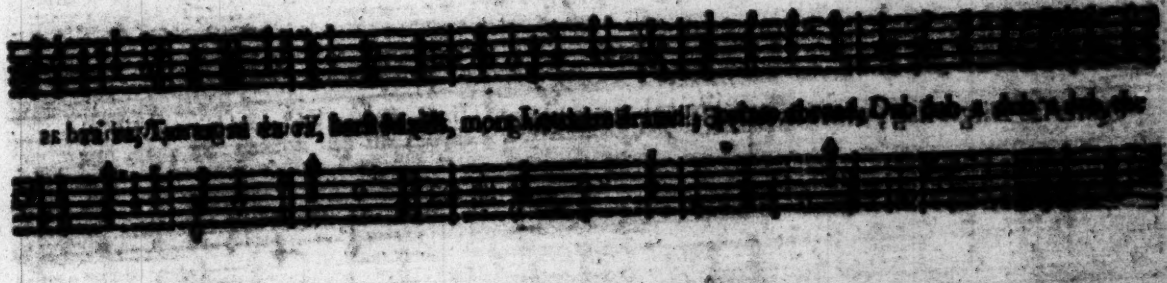
world of fine stratagems he exercises, his pow'r to increase and inlarge his Dominions, Though his

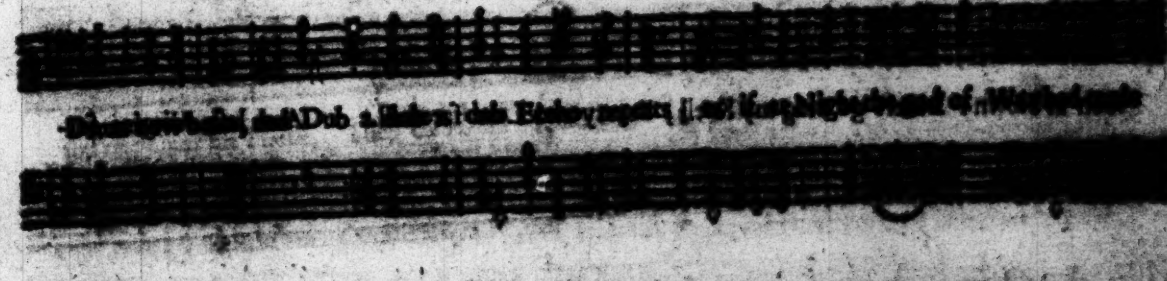


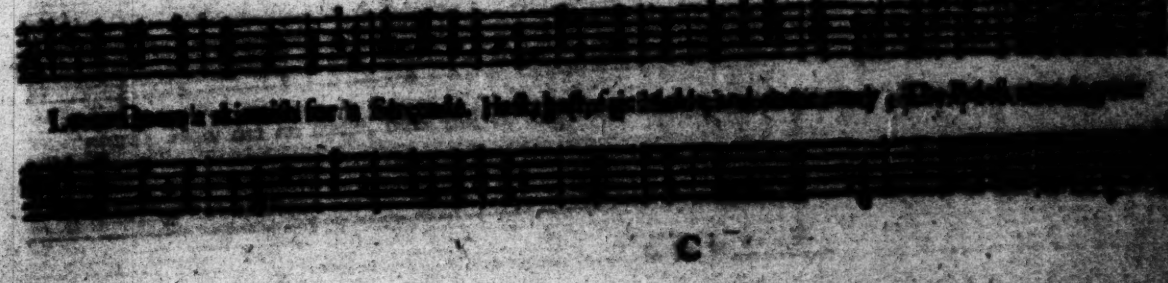
Mr. Pelham Humphrey.

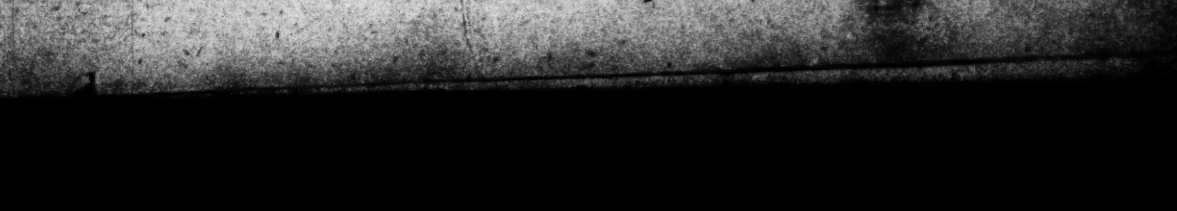

Run to Loves Lottery, run Maids and rejoyce ; whilst seeking your chance you


meet your own choice : And boast that your luck you help with design, by praying cross-legg'd on









Drag.

Bridegrooms stay: Roses and Pinks will be strown where you go, whilst I walk in shades of

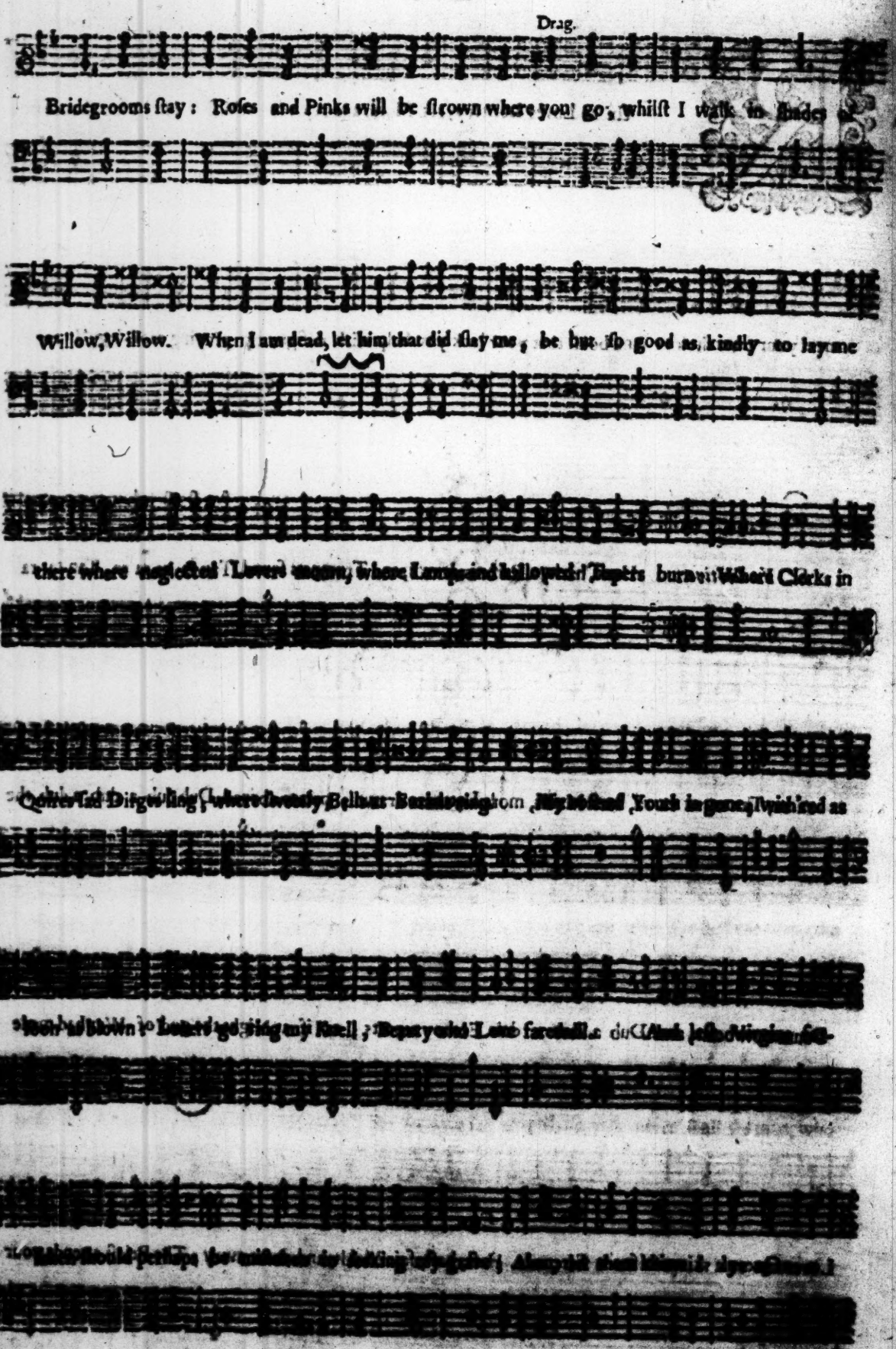
Willow, Willow. When I am dead, let him that did slay me, be but so good as kindly to lay me

there where neglected Lovers mourn, where Lamps and hallowed Tapers burn: Where Clerks in

Quires sad Dirges sing, where sweetly Bells at Burials ring, My hoisted Youth in gone, I wish red as

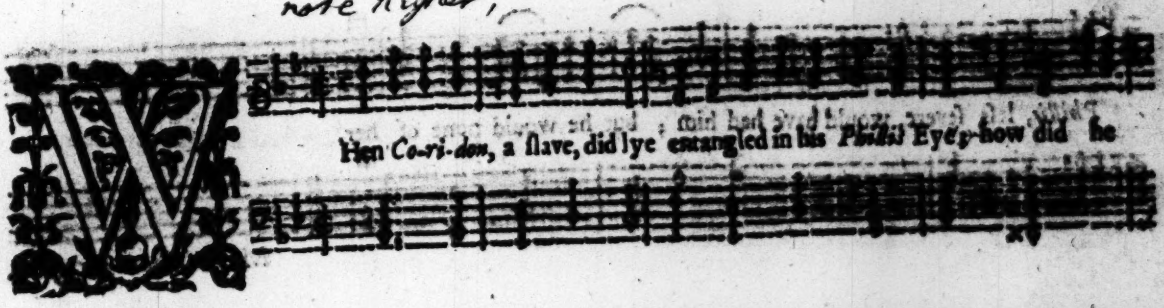
soon as blown: Lovers go ring my Knell, Beauty and Love farewell. Ah, lest Virgins [illegible]

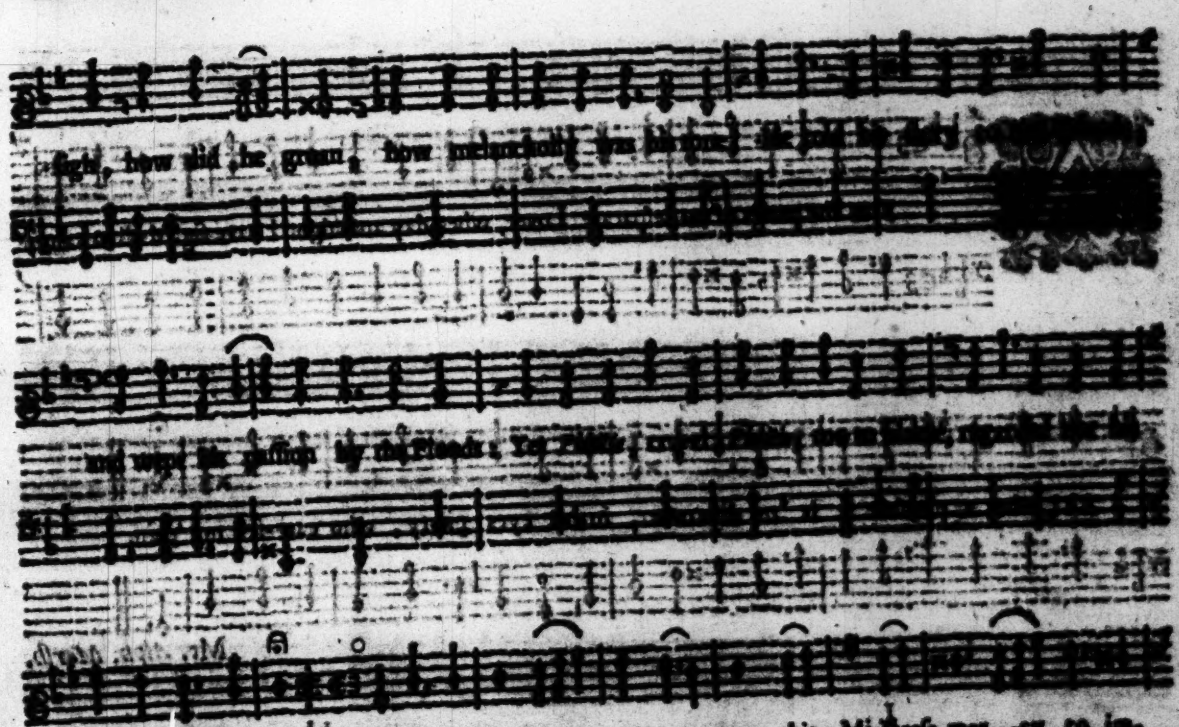
[illegible] should perhaps be mistaken in seeking my grave; Alas, [illegible]

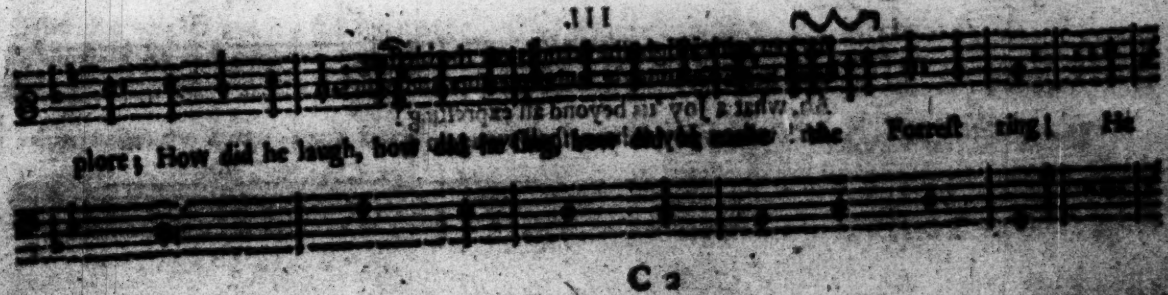


Mr. *Alphonso Marsh.*

note Right;







told his Conquest to the Woods; And drown his passion in the Floods: Then *Phillis*, cru-el

Phillis, less severe, would have had him; but he would none of her,

Mr. *William Gregory*.

After the pangs of a desparate Lover, when day and night I have sigh'd all in vain;

Ah! what a pleasure it is to dis-co-ver, in her eyes pi-ty, who can-ses my pain.

Mr. *Alph. Marsh*.

I.

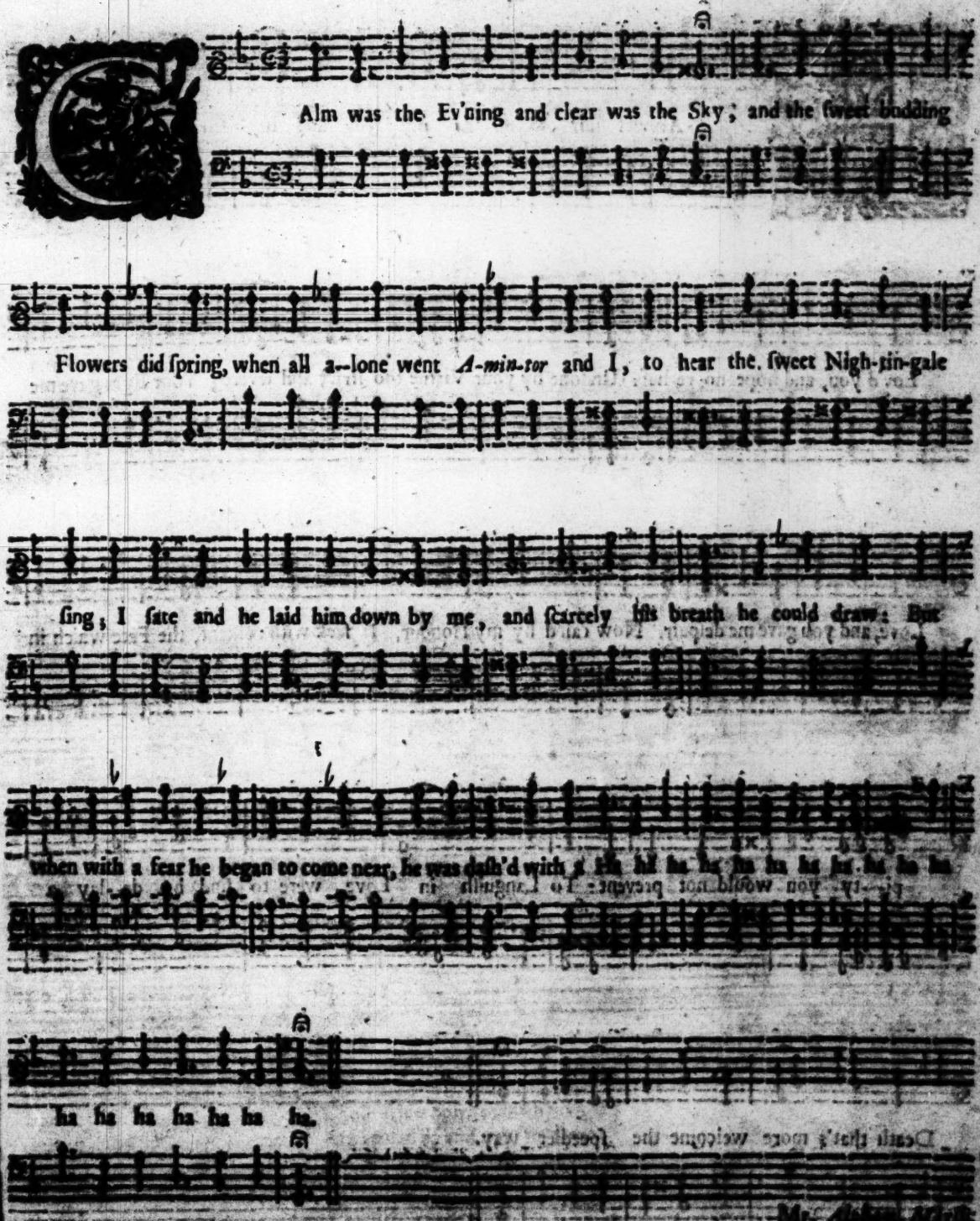
When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain;
Ah, what a pleasure the touch of her hand is!
Ah, what a pleasure to press it again!

II.

When the denyal comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny;
Ah, what a trembling I feel when I venture!
Ah, what a trembling does usher any Joy!

III.

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain;
Ah, what a Joy 'tis beyond all expressing!
Ah! what a Joy to hear, shall we again


Alm was the Ev'ning and clear was the Sky; and the sweet budding
Flowers did spring, when all a--lone went *A-min-tor* and I, to hear the sweet Nigh-tin-gale
sing; I sate and he laid him down by me, and scarcely his breath he could draw: But
when with a fear he began to come near, he was dash'd with a Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

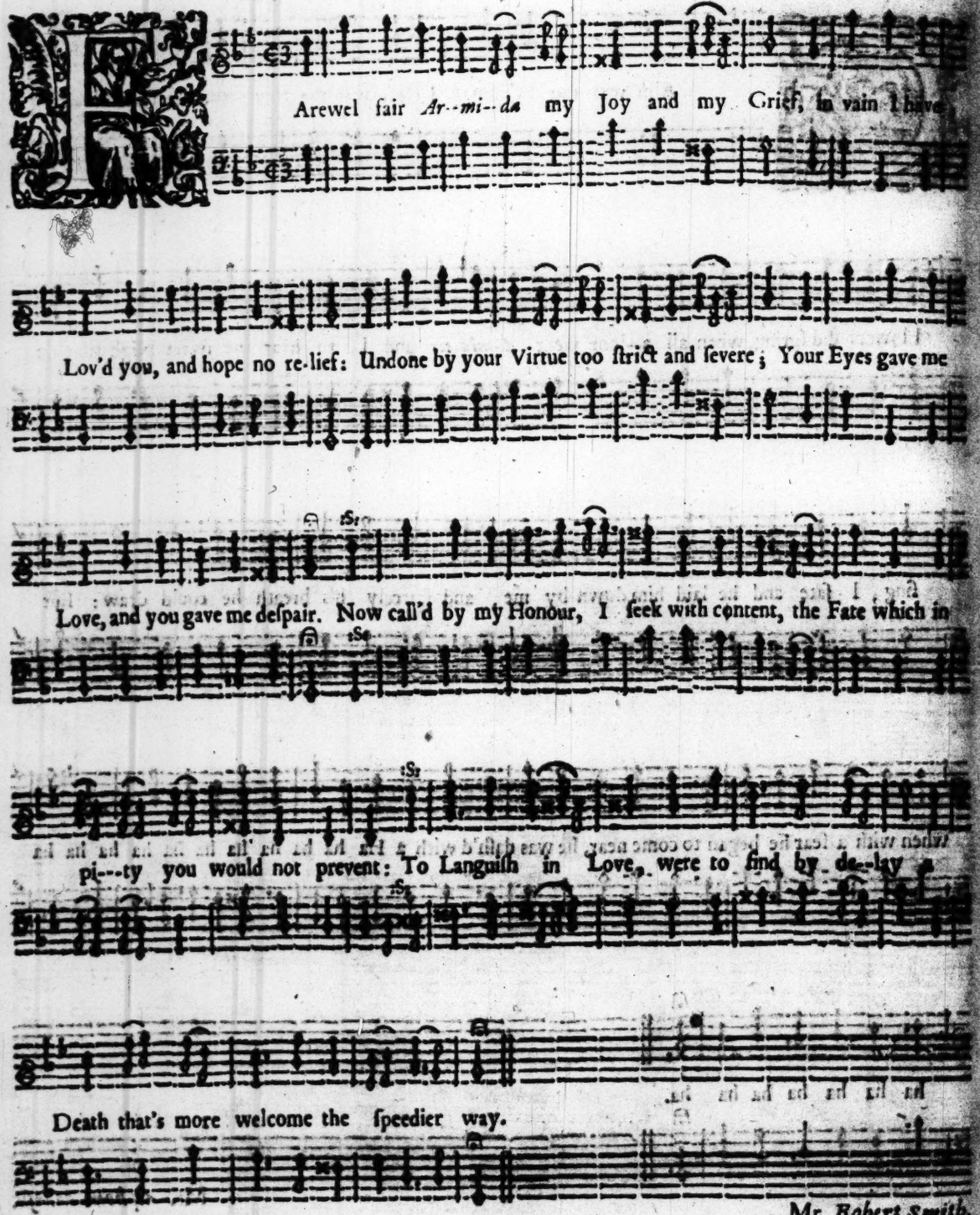
Mr. *Alphons Marsh.*

II.

He blush'd to himself, and laid still for a while,
His modesty curb'd his desire;
But [illegible] I convinc'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire:
Ah, *Salvia!* said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he prest with his hand to my breast,
But was dash'd with a ha ha ha ha ha, &c.

III.

I knew 'twas his Passion that caused his fear,
And therefore I pity'd his case;
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near;
And laid my Cheek close to his Face:
But as we grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and saw:
And straight as our bliss, we began with a kiss,
He laughs out with a Ha ha ha ha ha, &c.



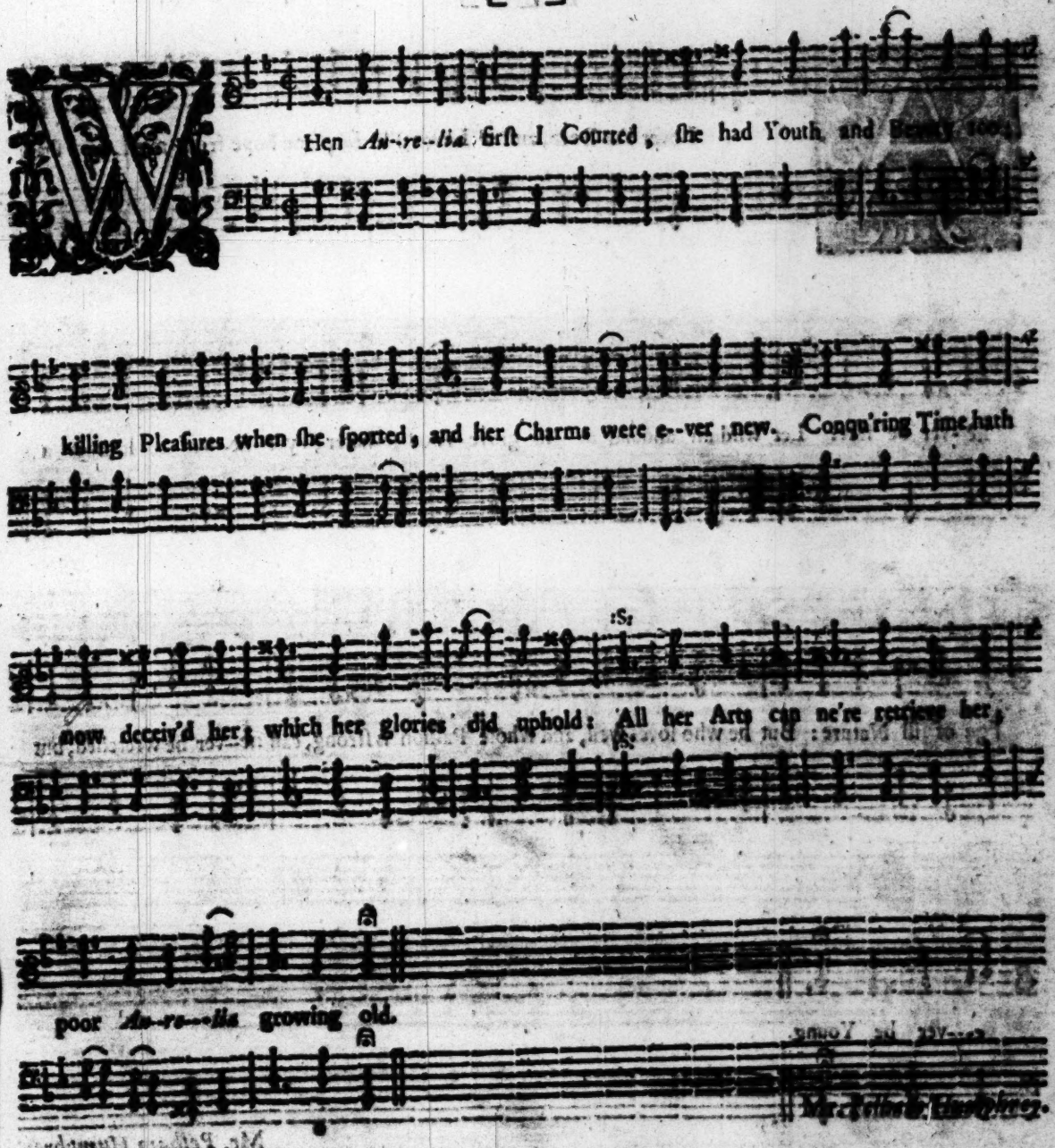
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

III.

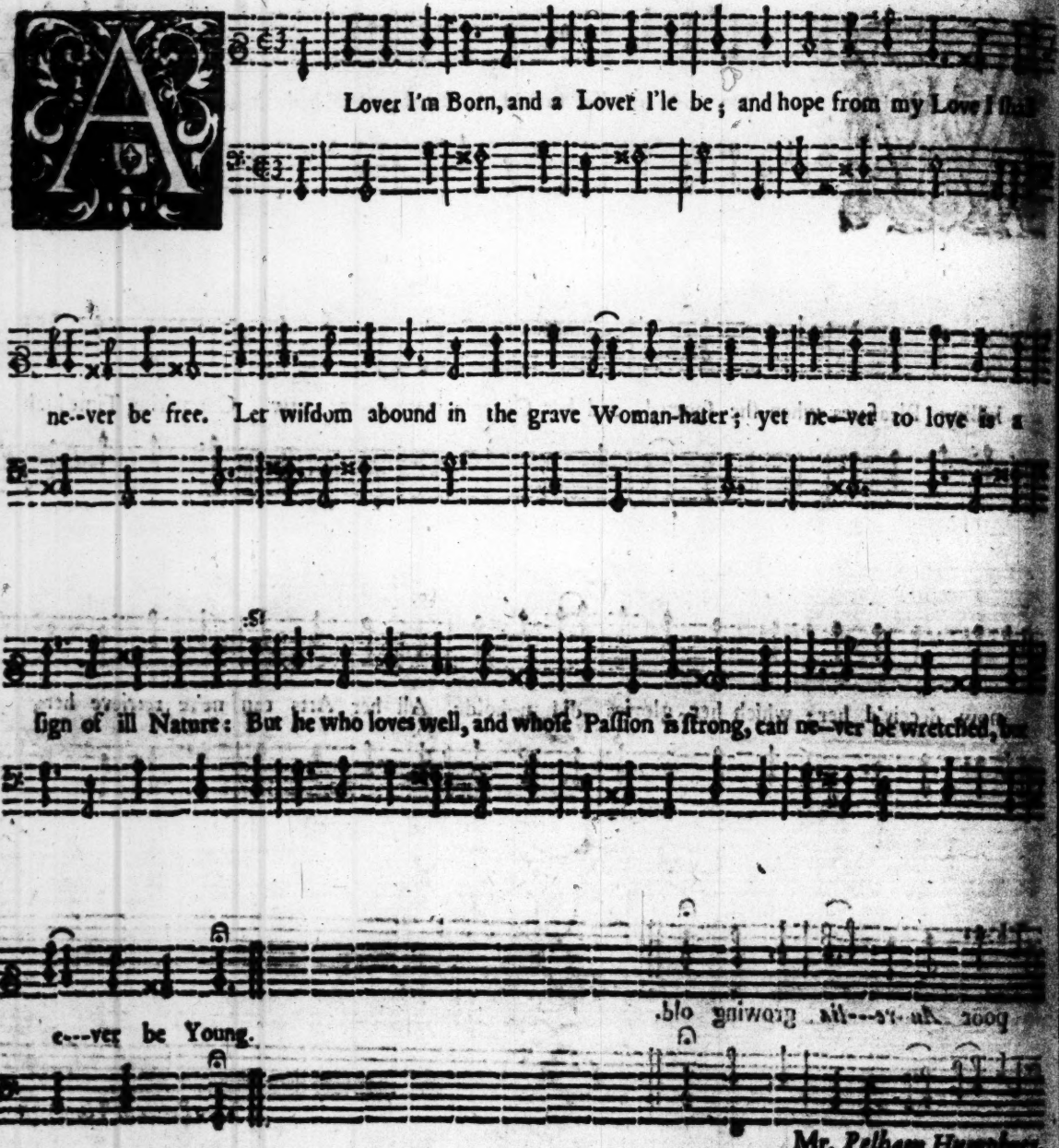
On Seas and in Battles, in Bullets and Fire,
The danger is leſs then in hopeleſs deſire,
My Deaths wound you gave me though far off I bear,
My Fate from your ſight not to coſt you a Tear.

III.

But if the kind Floods on a Wave would convey,
And under your Window my Body would lay,
The Wound on my Breaſt, when you happen to ſee,
You'l ſay with a ſigh, it was given by me.

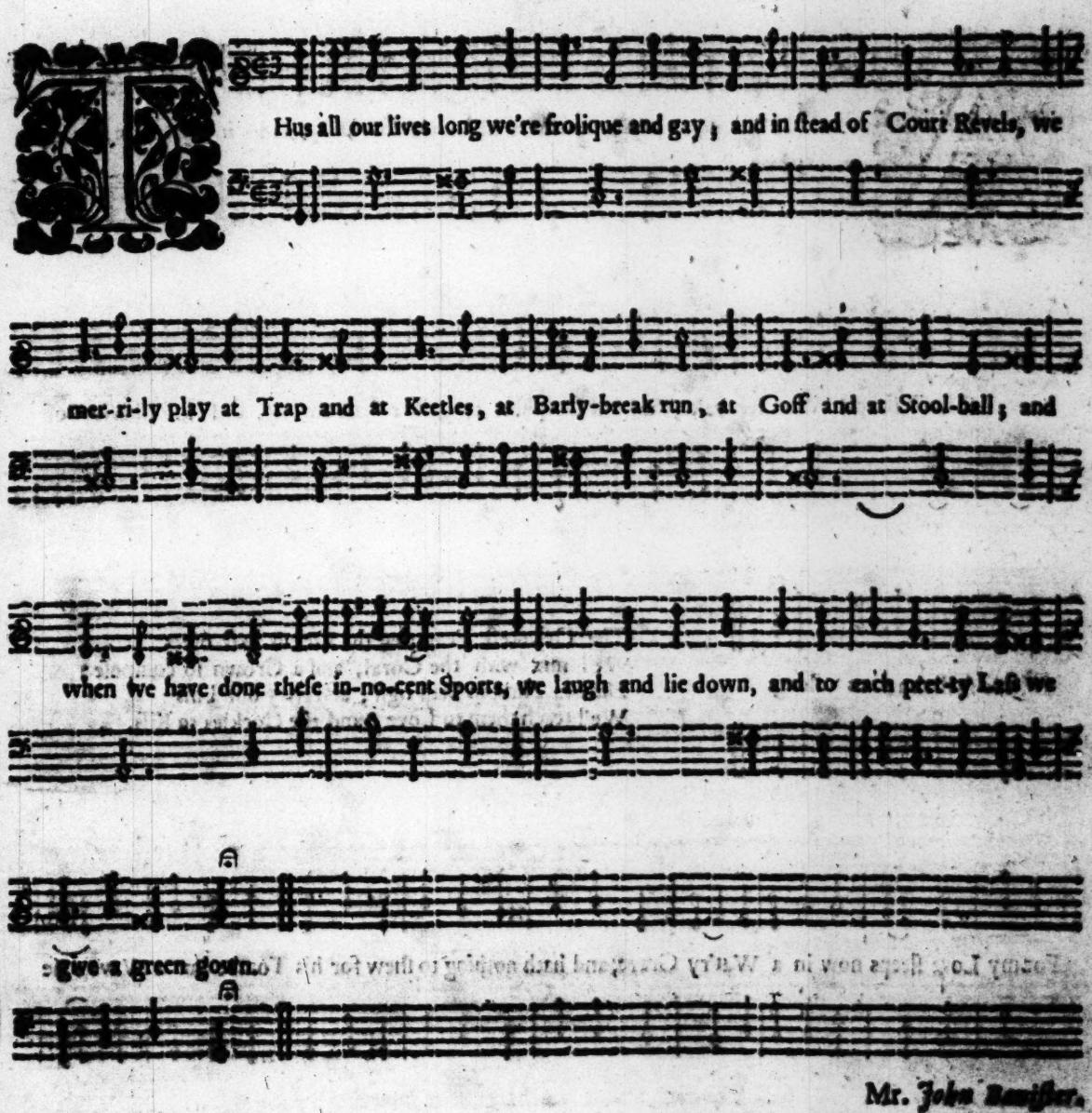

WHen *An--re--lia* first I Courted, she had Youth and Beauty too;
killing Pleasures when she sported, and her Charms were e--ver new. Conqu'ring Time hath
now deceiv'd her; which her glories did uphold: All her Arts can ne're retrieve her,
poor *An--re---lia* growing old.

Those Airy Spirits which invited;
Are return'd, and now no more,
And her Eyes are now benighted,
Which were Comets heretofore.
Want of these abates her merits;
Yet I have passion for her Name:
Only kind and amorous Spirits,
Kindle, and maintain the Flame.



Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

With hopes and with fears, like a Ship in the Ocean;
Our Hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion:
When our Paſſion is pal'd, and our Fancy would fail,
Some little quarrel ſupplyes a freſh Gale:
But when the doubt's clear'd, and the jealouſies gone;
How we Kiſs and Embrace, and can never have done!



Mr. *John Ramſher.*

II.

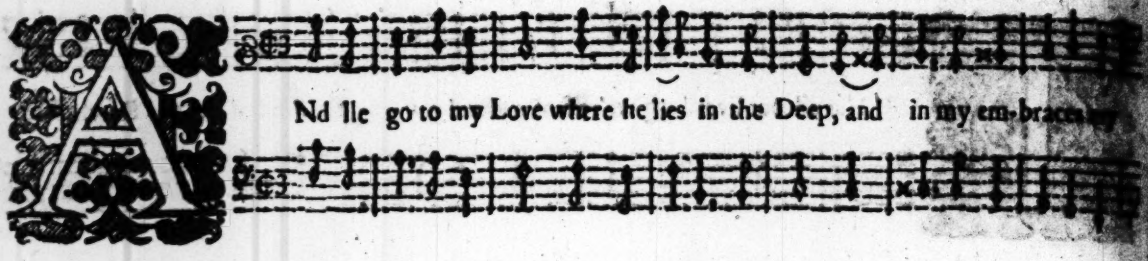
We teach our little Dogs to fetch and to carry,
The Partridge, Hare, the Pheſant our Quarry;
The nimble Squirrels with cudgel we chaſe,
And the little pretty Lark betray with a glaſs:
And when we have done, &c.

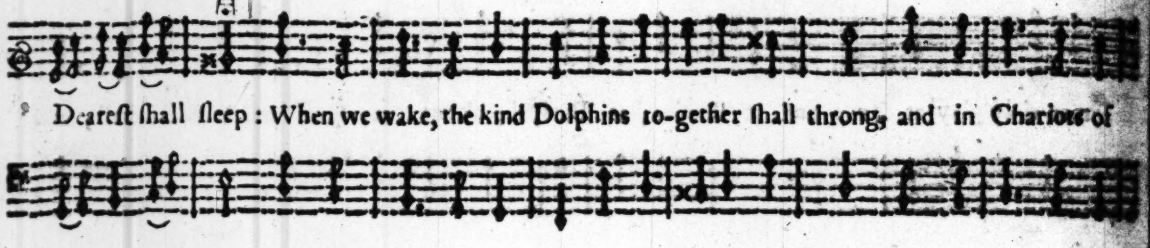
III.

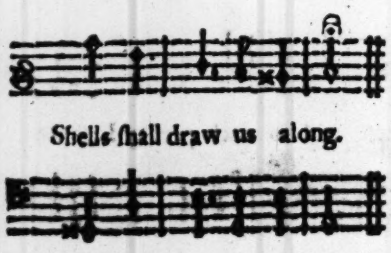
About the May-pole we dance all a round;
And with Garlands of Pinks and Roſes are crown'd;
Our little kind tribute we merrily pay
To the gay Lad, and the bright Lady o'th' May.
And when we have done, &c.

IV.

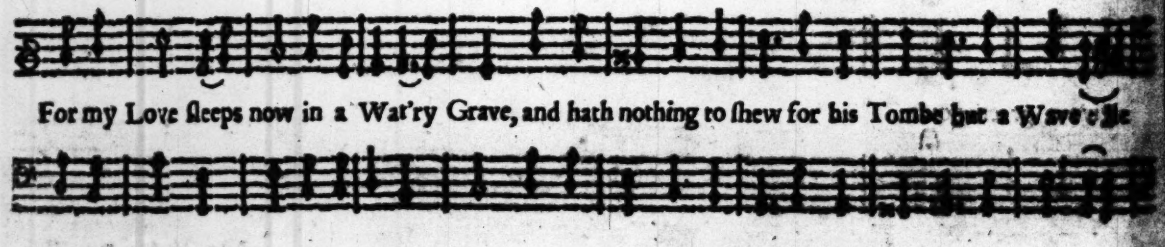
With our delicate Nimphs we kiſs and we toy;
What others but dream of we daily enjoy;
With our Sweethearts we daily ſo long till we find
Their pretty eyes ſay their hearts are grown kind:
And when we have done we laugh and lay down,
And to each pretty Laſs we give a green Gown.

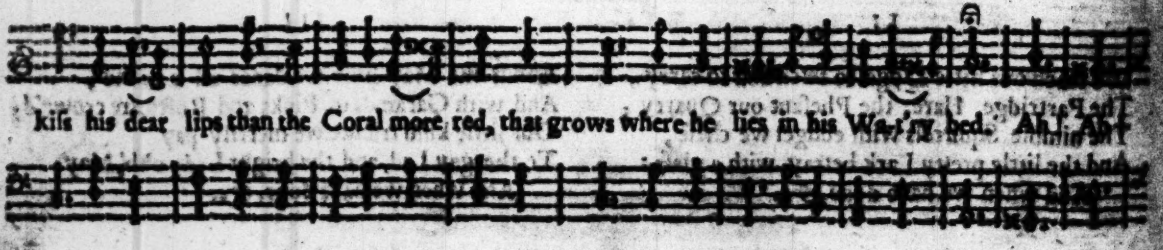






The Orienteſt Pearl that the Ocean beſt owes
We'l mix with the Coral, and a Crown ſo compoſe:
The Sea Nimphs ſhall ſigh, and envy our bliſs;
We'l teach them to Love, and the Cockles to Kiſs.





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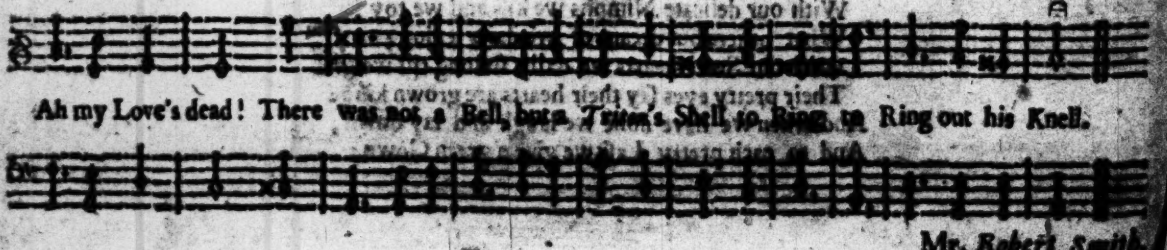
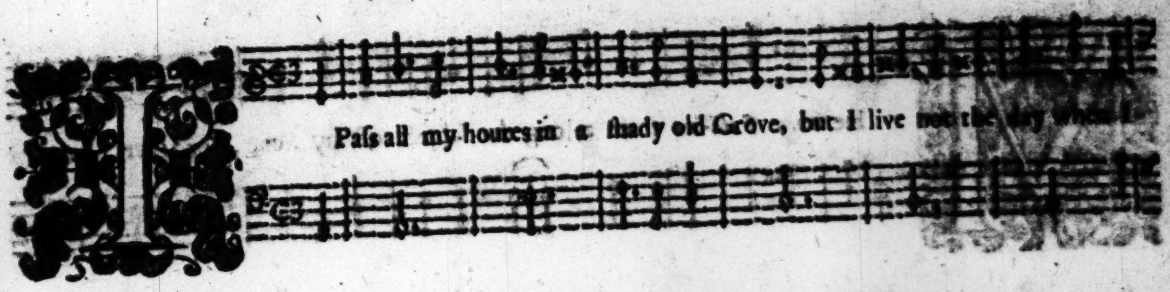
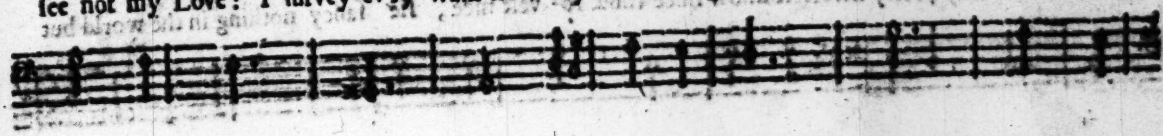
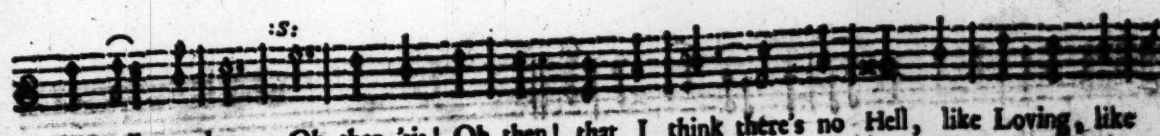


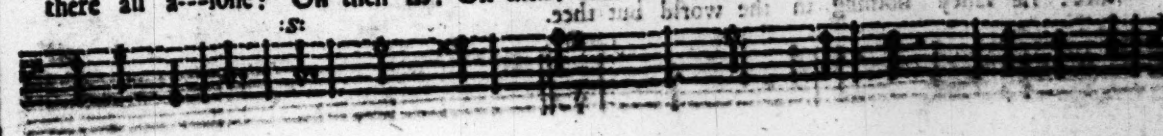
Mr. Robert Smith.

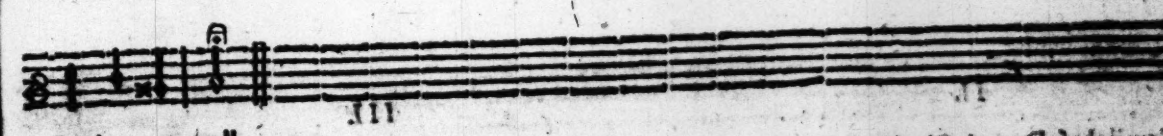

I Pass all my houres in a shady old Grove, but I live not the day when I

see not my Love: I survey ev'ry walk now my *Phillis* is gone, and sigh when I think we were




there all a---lone: Oh then 'tis! Oh then! that I think there's no Hell, like Loving, like



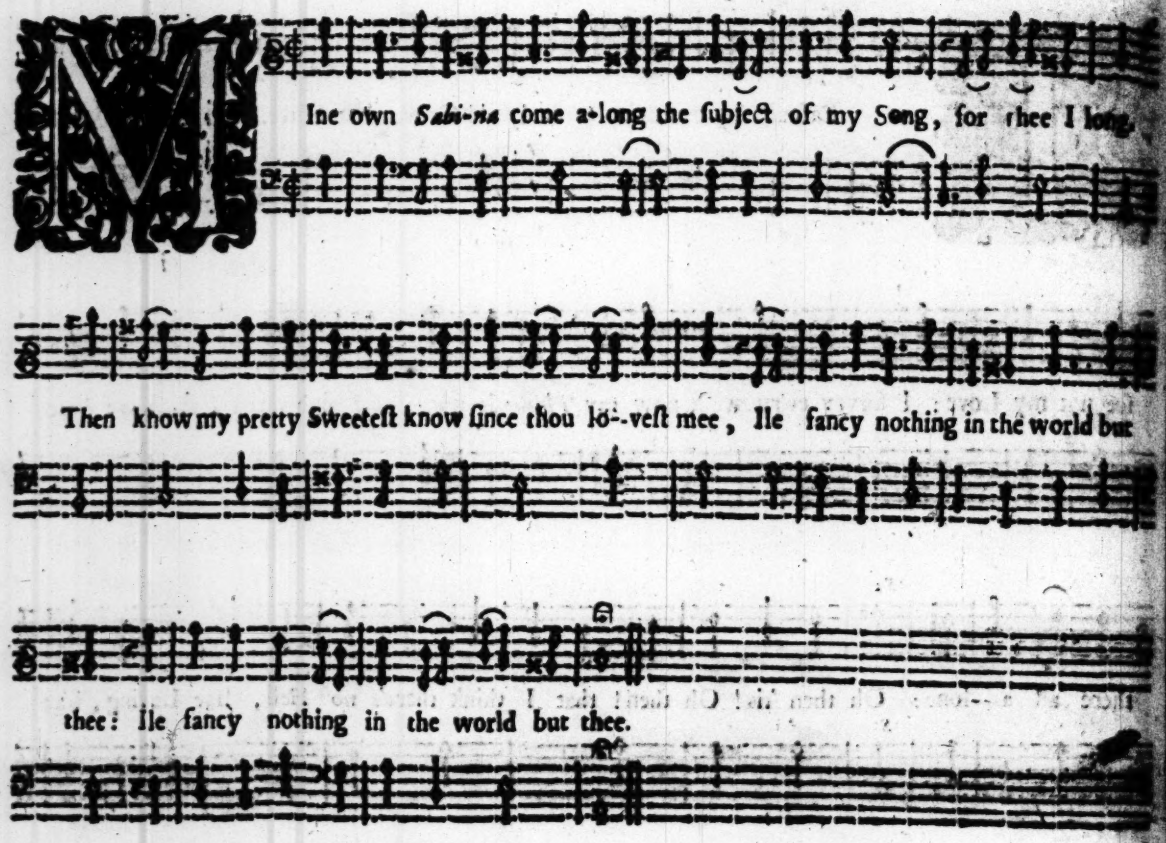

Loving too well.

Mr. Pelham Humfrey.

II. But each Shade and each conscious Bow'r, when I find
Where I once have been happy, and She has been kind:
When I see the print left of her shape in the Green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come agen:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, I think no Joy above
Like the pleasure of Love.

III. While alone to my self I repeat all her Charms,
She I love may be locker in another mens arms;
She may laugh at my Cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said to me:
Oh then 'tis! Oh then 'tis, that I think there's no Hell
Like Loving too well.

IV. But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent Passion, so kind without Art,
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be
[illegible]
[illegible]
Like the pleasure of Love.



II.

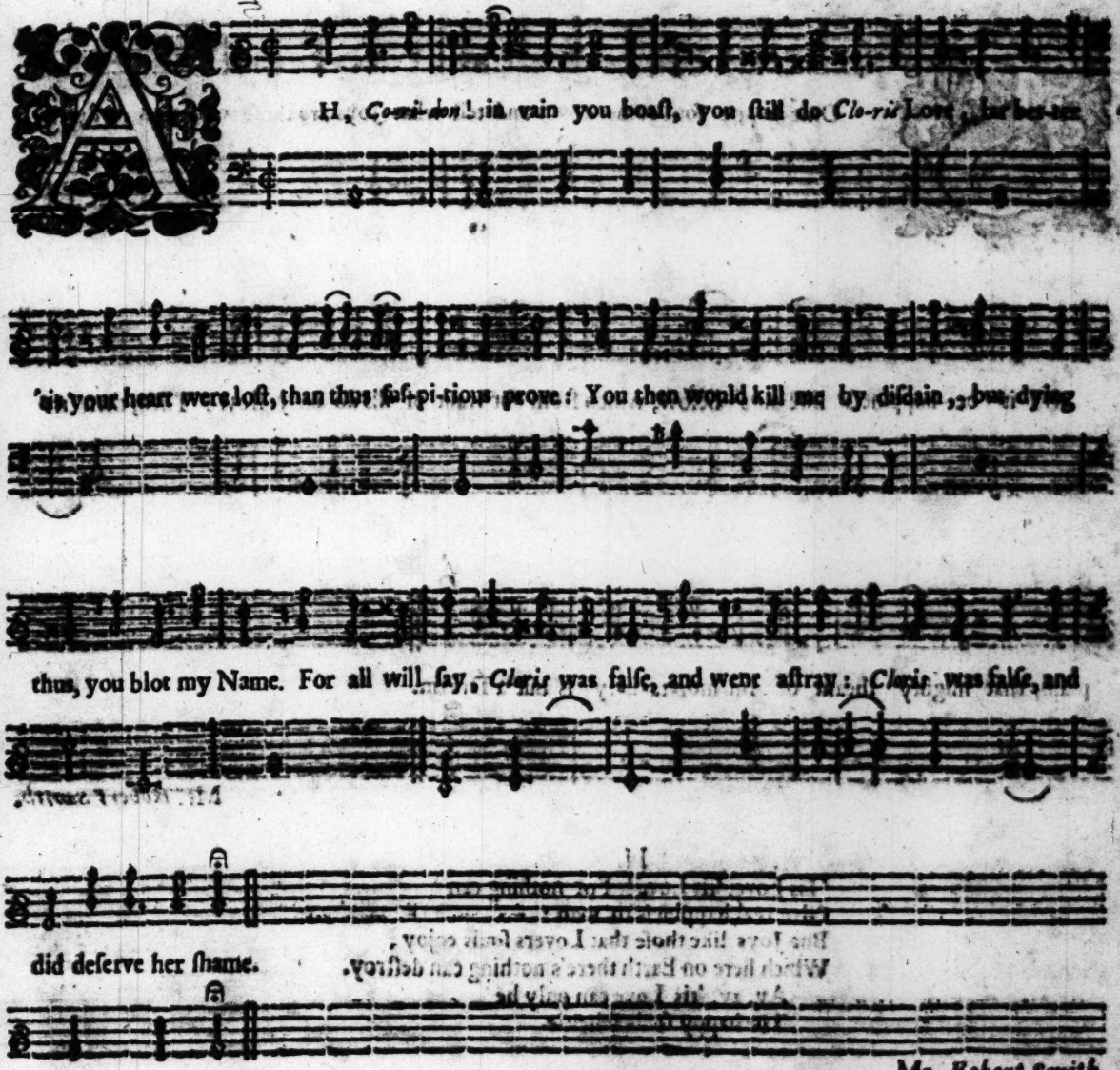
Unvail those Damask Cheeks of thine,
Where ev'ry beautious line
is so Divine,
That were I to receive my death by thy fair Eye,
I'de court it in the pits to buried lye.

III.

Display thine Arms, thy wealth unfold,
Then like to Jove of old
in liquid Gold,
And wee'l Carouse it in Loves bowls to such a bliss
Our Souls shall mingle, while our Bodies Kiss.

IV.

This will we Live, thus will we Love,
When as the gods above
shall envious prove,
And after death, we'll coy as they, till that appear,
We'll have *Elizium* here, as they have there.



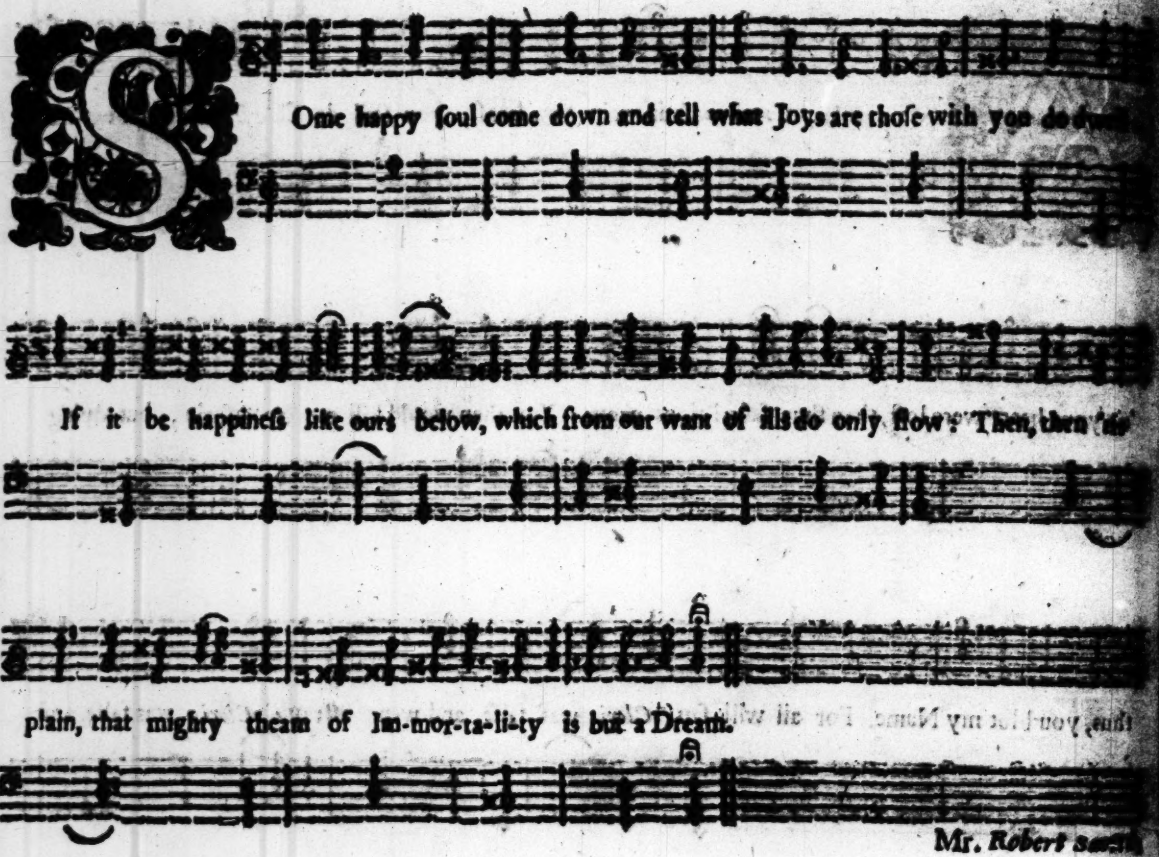
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

For happy Shepherd, well you know
Your Flame does mine excell;
All generous *Coridon* doth know,
But none my Tale will tell:
Cloris, though true, muſt loſe her name;
But *Coridon* will keep his fame,
For all will ſay, *Cloris* was falſe,
And went aſtray:
Cloris was falſe, and did deſerve her ſhame.

III.

But cruel Shepherd, when you hear
That I am dead indeed;
I do believe you'l ſhed one tear;
Though now you have decreed;
That *Cloris* true, muſt loſe her Name;
For then you'l ſay, *Cloris* was true,
And we're did ſtray:
Cloris was true, and I deſerve the ſhame.



Mr. *Robert Smith*

II.

'Tis Love, 'tis Love! For nothing can
Give real happiness to man:
But Joys like those that Lovers souls enjoy;
Which here on Earth there's nothing can destroy.
Ay, ay, 'tis Love can only be
The happy souls felicitie.

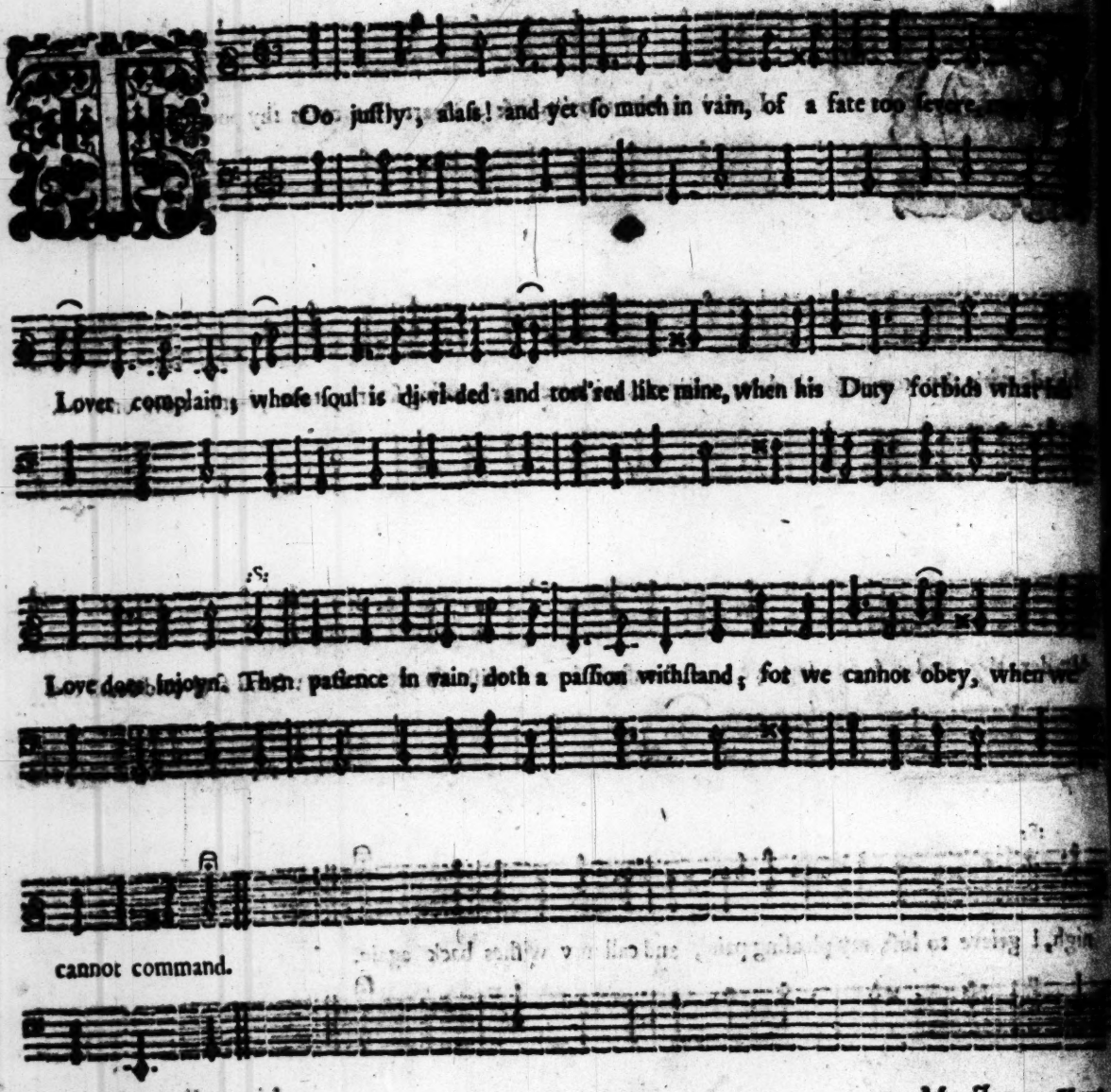
III.

Are your delights in what you see,
Of wonderful varietie?
Or can your Joys arise from pleasant things,
Your taste, or smelling, to your fancy brings?
No, no, 'tis plain, if it were so,
Eternity by gradual steps must go.

III.

Mr. *Pelham Humfrey.*

Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd
By Love and Nature both abus'd,
Our tender Hearts all ease refus'd;
And when we burn with secret flame,
Most bear the grief, or dye with shame.


Too justly, alass! and yet so much in vain, of a fate too severe,
Lover complain; whose soul is di-vi-ded and tort'red like mine, when his Duty forbids what his
Love does injoyn. Then patience in vain, doth a passion withstand; for we cannot obey, when we
cannot command.

Mr. *James Hart.*

II.

Sure Nature design'd us a blesseder state,
There's no other Creature but chuses a Mate:
And the Turtles in pairs through an Amorous grove,
Do Love where they like, and injoy where they Love.
What Tyrants are those who do seek to destroy
The liberty we do by Nature Enjoy.

III.

Yet since 'tis a blessing the Gods have ordain'd,
That our wills should be free, though our pow'r be restrain'd;
We'll Love while we live, for the constant at last
Do the perfectest Joys of *Elizium* tast,
O there, O there, we may Love out our fill;
When to do and injoy is the same as to will,

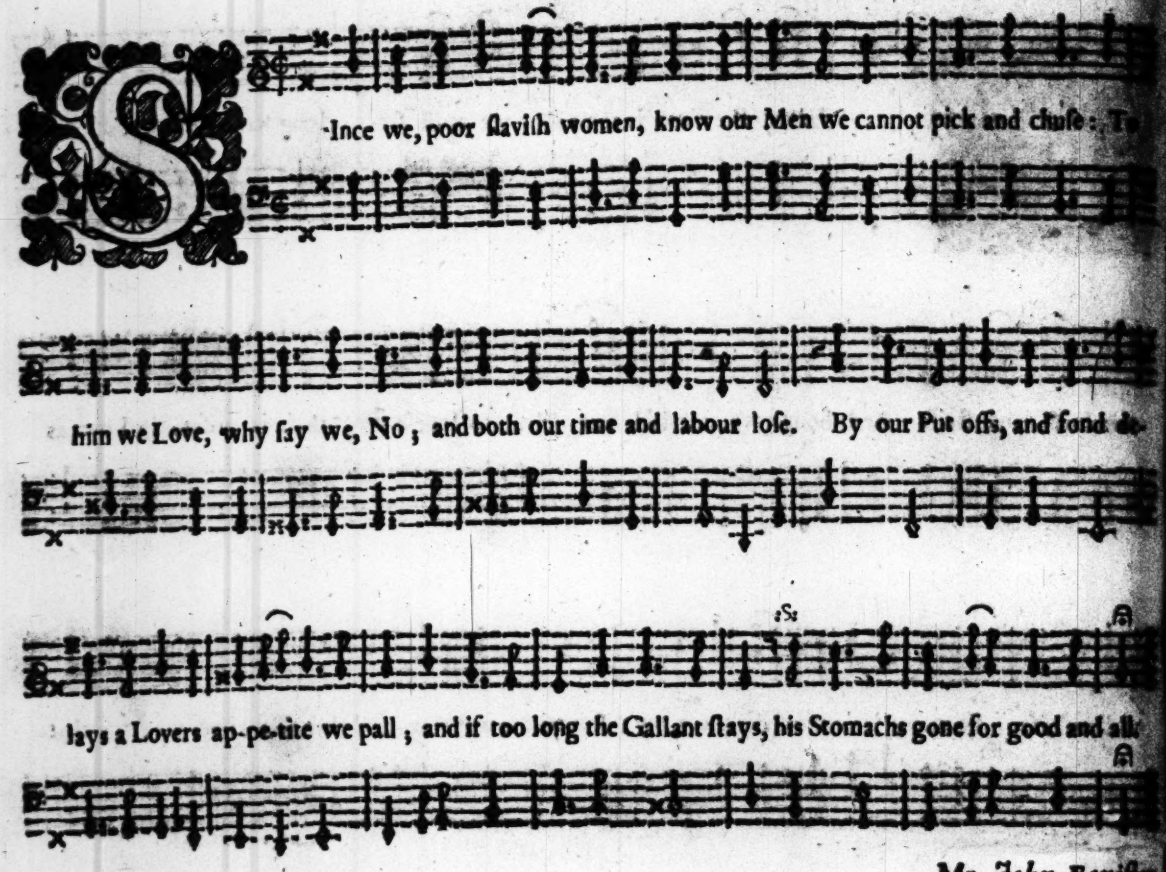
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Both by our selves, and others tormented;
Still in suspence betwixt Heaven and Hell:
Ever desiring, and never contented;
Either not Loving, or Loving too well.
Parting we still are in each others pow'rs;
Our Love's a weather of Sun-shine, and show'rs:
Its dayes are bitter, though sweet are its How'rs.

III.

Why should we Fate any longer importune,
Since to each other unhappy we prove;
Like losing Gamsters, we tempt our ill Fortune;
Both might be luckier in a new Love.
This were the way our wanton beau sway;
But when we so pleasing a Passion destroy,
We may be more happy, but less should enjoy.



Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

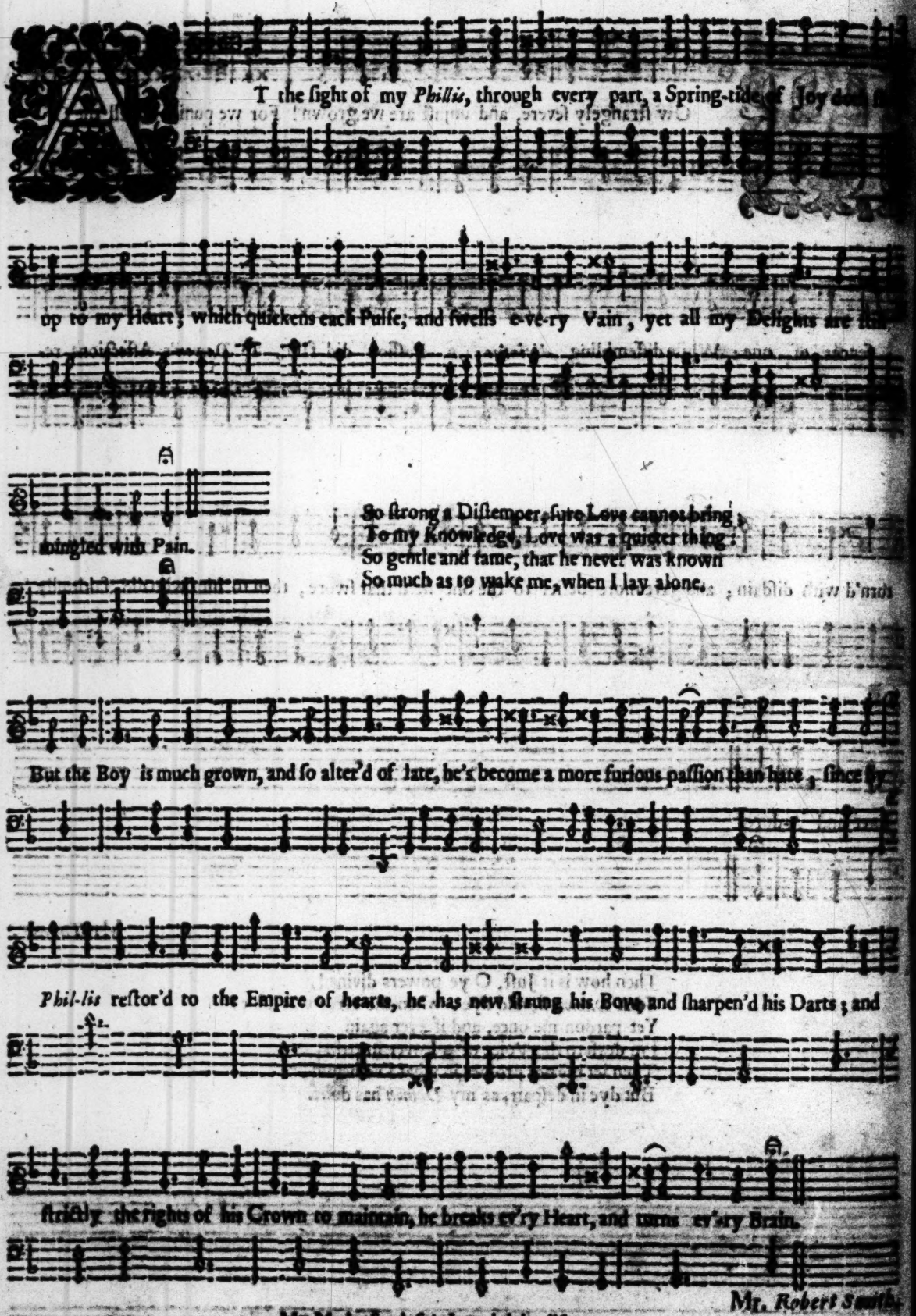
Or our impatient Amorous guest,
Unknown to us away may steal;
And rather then stay for a feast,
Take up with some course ready meal.
When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so to;
And if the Man be to her mind,
Be sure she do not let him go.

III.

The Match soon made, is happiest still;
For Love has only there to do:
Let no one Marry 'gainst her will,
But stand off when her Parents woo:
And to the Suror be not coy,
For they whom Joynture can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

There's none in the world madder than he,
That loves his own dangers, and will not be free:
I'le ne're be confin'd to the Devils black Rod,
For ſerving in Love a fantaſtical God.
Experience hath taught me the infallible Art,
Of curbing my Eye-ſight, to preſerve my Heart:
Where e're I encounter a Beauteous face,
I bleſs my ſelf, turn aſide, and mend my pace.


At the sight of my Phillis, through every part, a Spring-tide of Joy doth
up to my Heart; which quickens each Pulse, and swells ev'ry Vain, yet all my Delights are
mingled with Pain.
So strong a Distemper, sure Love cannot bring;
To my knowledge, Love was a quieter thing:
So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.
But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late, he's become a more furious passion than hate; since by
Phil-lis restor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts; and
strictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.
Mr. Robert Smith.
My Madness, alas! I too plainly discover;
For he is at least as much Mad-man as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nimphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit:
The Joys of Hide-park, and the Mall's dear delight;
To be Sober all day, and Chast all the Night.

Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

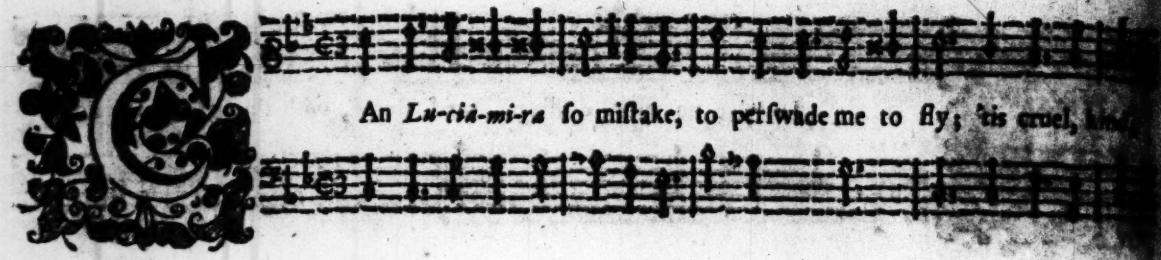
When *Celia* ſaw this, with a Sigh and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, O my Dear! I'm robb'd of my bliſs!
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and dye all alone.

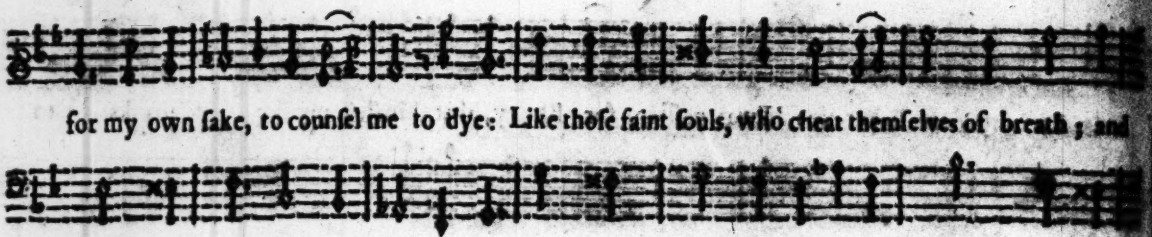
III.

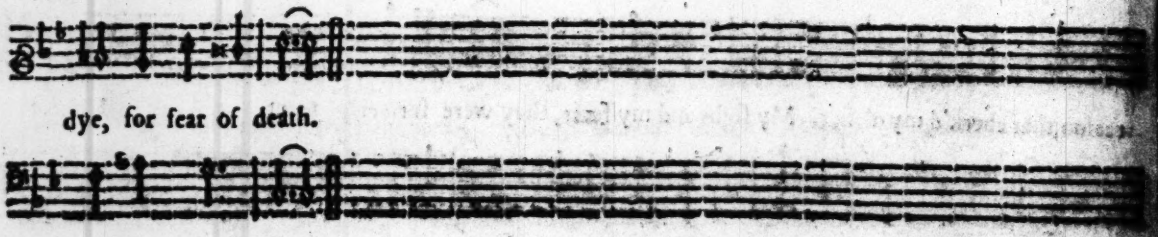
The Youth, though in haſt, and breathing his laſt,
In pity, dy'd ſlowly, whilſt She dy'd more faſt,
'Till at length ſhe cry'd, now, my Dear, now
Let's go; Now dye, my *Alexis*, and I will dye too.

IV.

Thus intranc'd ſhe did lye, while *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might dye:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nimph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.







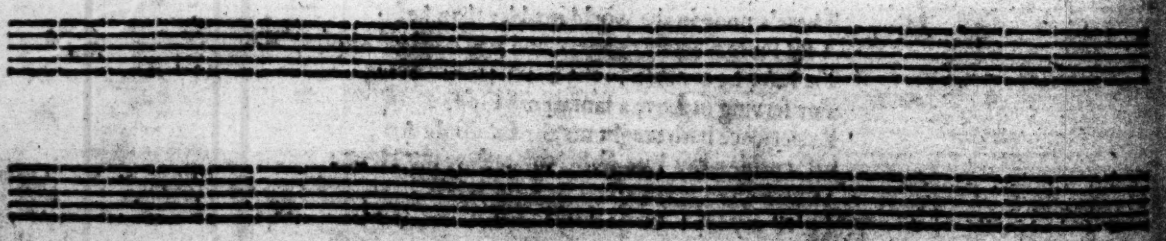
Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

Since Love's the principle of Life;
And you the object Lov'd;
Let's, *Luciamira*, end this like,
I cease to be remov'd:
We know not what they do are gone from hence;
But here we love by sense.

III.

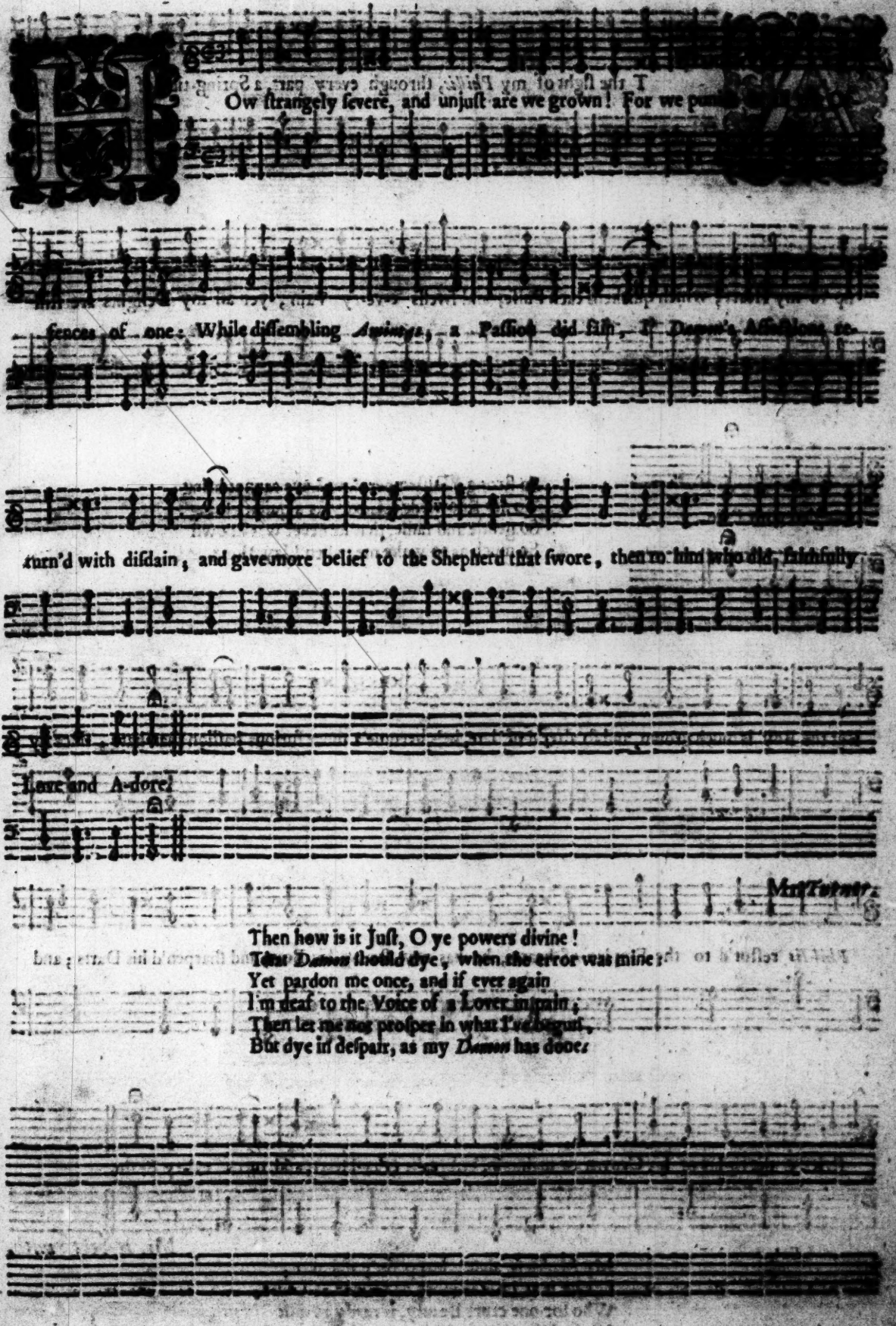
If the Platonicks, who would prove
Souls without Bodies love;
Had with respect, well understood
The Passions of the Blood:
They'd suffer Mortals to have had their part;
And seated Love i'th' Heart.



HOw strangely severe, and unjust are we grown! For we pun[illegible]

fences of one: While dissembling *Amintas*, a Passion did fain, I *Damon's* Affections re-

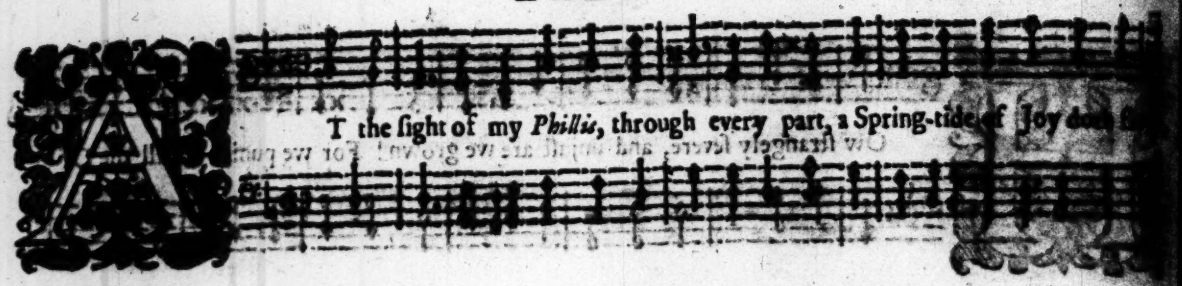
turn'd with disdain, and gave more belief to the Shepherd that swore, then to him who did faithfully



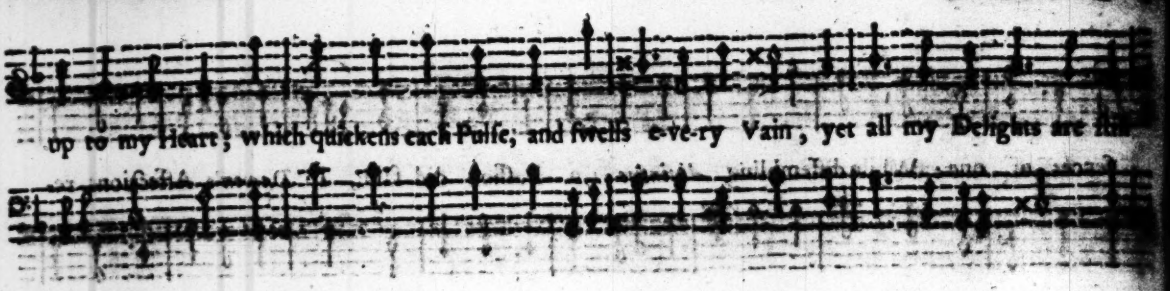
Love and A-dore.

Mr. Turner.

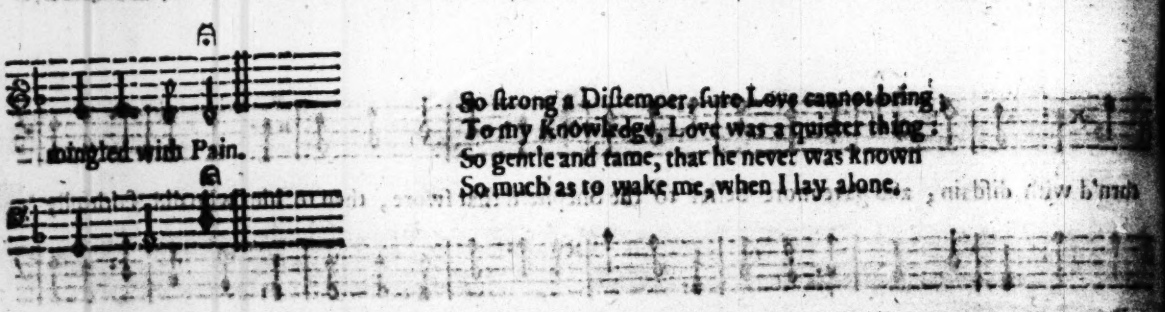
Then how is it Just, O ye powers divine!
That *Damon* should dye, when the error was mine;
Yet pardon me once, and if ever again
I'm deaf to the Voice of a Lover in pain;
Then let me not prosper in what I've begun,
But dye in despair, as my *Damon* has done.



At the ſight of my *Phillis*, through every part, a Spring-tide of Joy doth flow



up to my Heart; which quickens each Pulſe, and ſwells ev'ry Vain, yet all my Delights are thus



mingled with Pain.

So ſtrong a Diſtemper, ſure Love cannot bring;
To my Knowledge, Love was a quieter thing:
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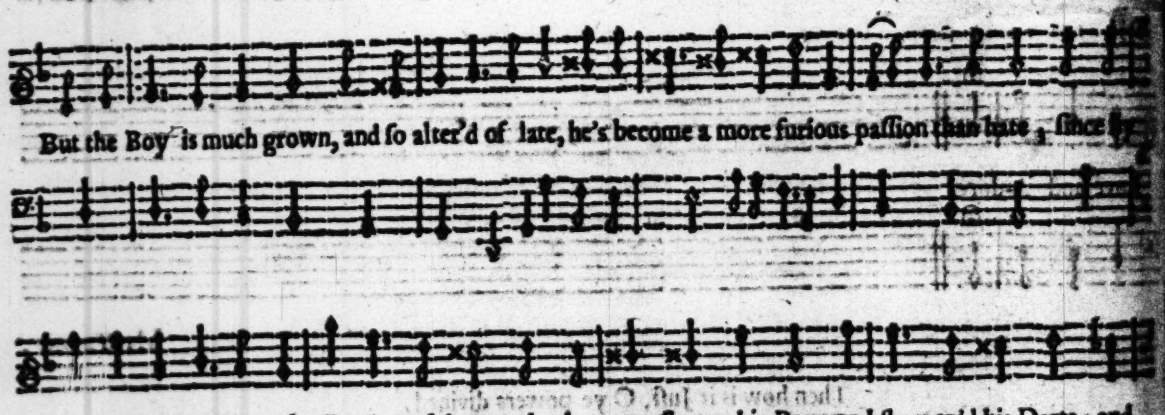
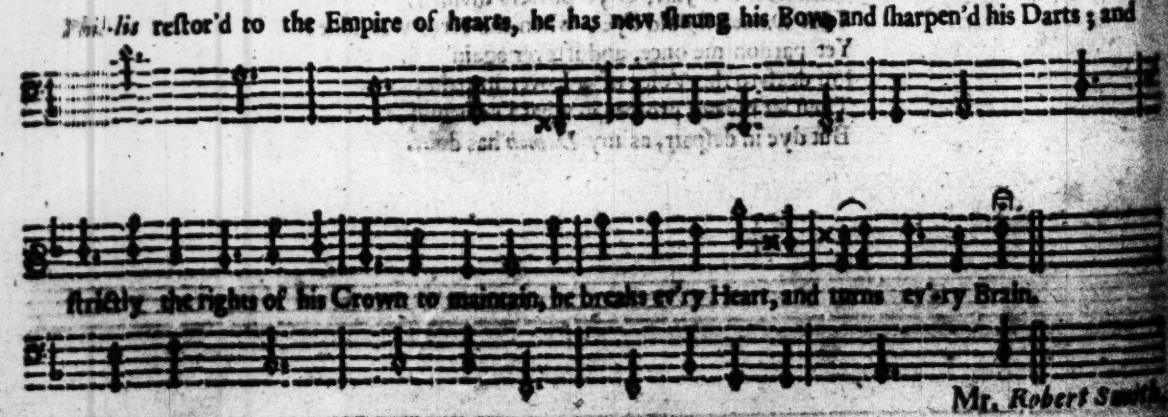
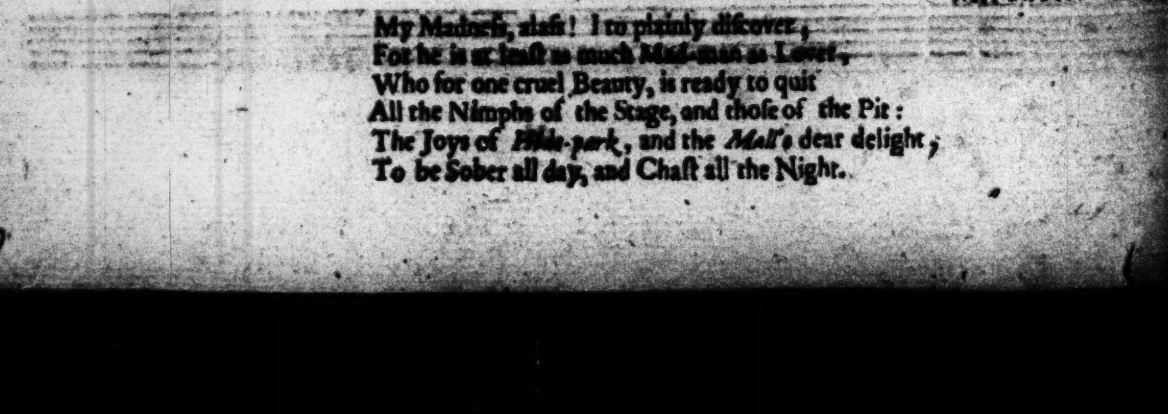
So much as to wake me, when I lay alone.



But the Boy is much grown, and ſo alter'd of late, he's become a more furious paſſion than hate; ſince he



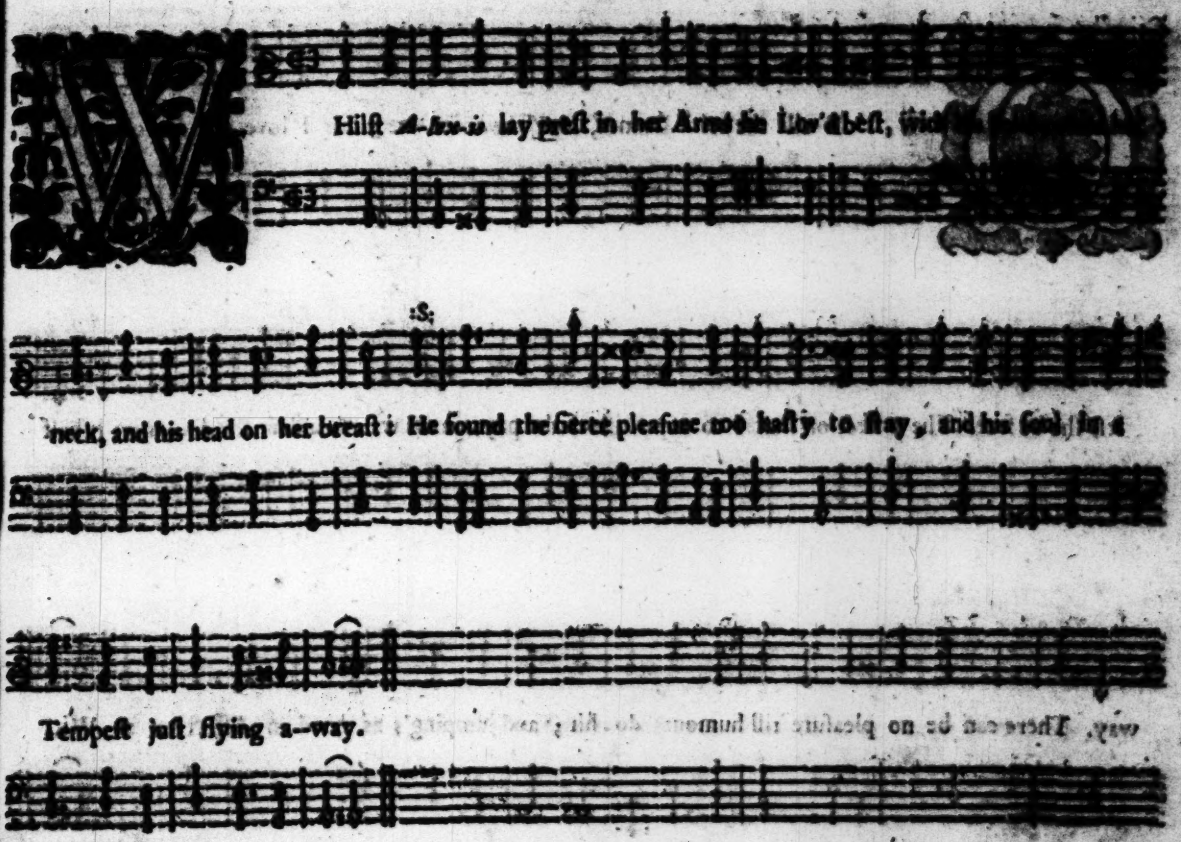
Phillis reſtor'd to the Empire of hearts, he has new ſtrung his Bow, and ſharpen'd his Darts; and



ſtrictly the rights of his Crown to maintain, he breaks ev'ry Heart, and turns ev'ry Brain.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

My Madneſs, alas! I too plainly diſcover;
For he is at leaſt as much Mad-man as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty, is ready to quit
All the Nimphs of the Stage, and thoſe of the Pit:
The Joys of *Hide-park*, and the *Mall's* dear delight,
To be Sober all day, and Chaſt all the Night.



Mr. *Nicholas Staggins.*

II.

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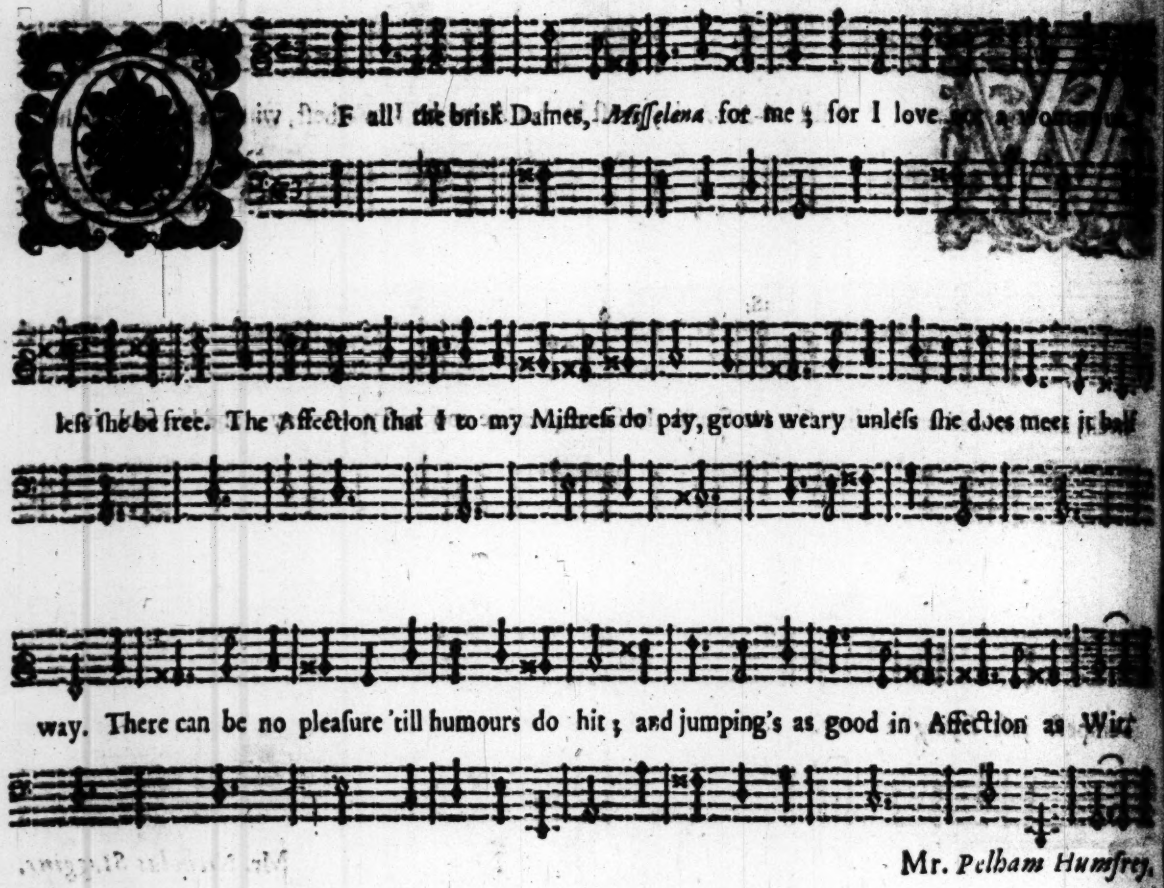


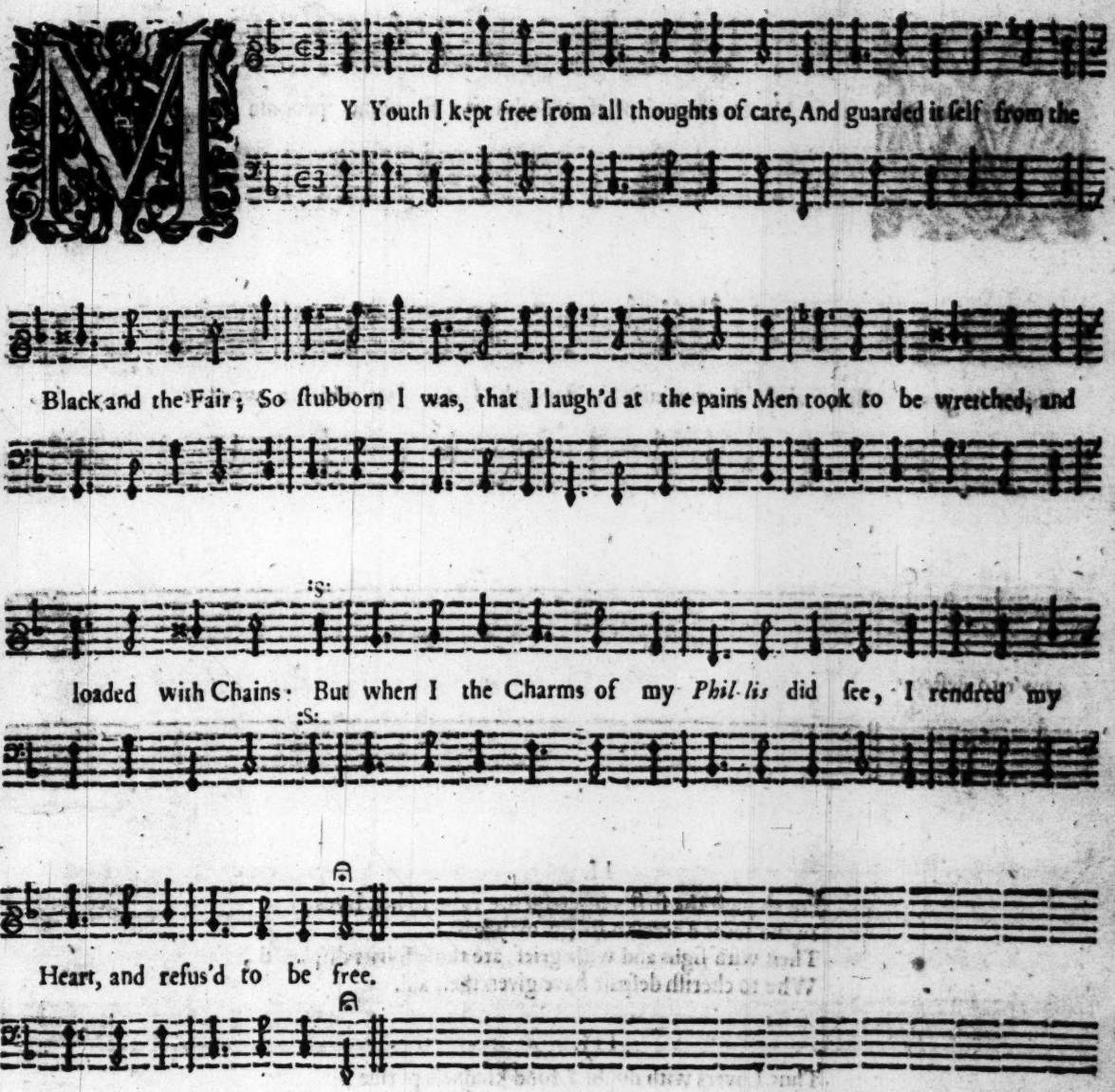
Mr. *Pelham Humfrey.*

II.

No ſooner I came, but ſhe lik'd me as ſoon;
No ſooner I aſkt, but ſhe granted my boon:
And without a Preamble, a Portion, or Joynture,
She promis'd to meet me where e're I'de appoint her.
So we ſtruck up a match, and embraced each other,
Without the conſent of Father or Mother.

III.

Then away with a Lady that's modeſt and coy;
Let her ends be the pleaſures that we do enjoy:
Let her tickle her fancy with ſecret delight,
And refuſe all the day, what ſhe longs for at night.
I believe my *Selina*, who ſhews they're all mad
To feed on dry bones, when fleſh may be had.



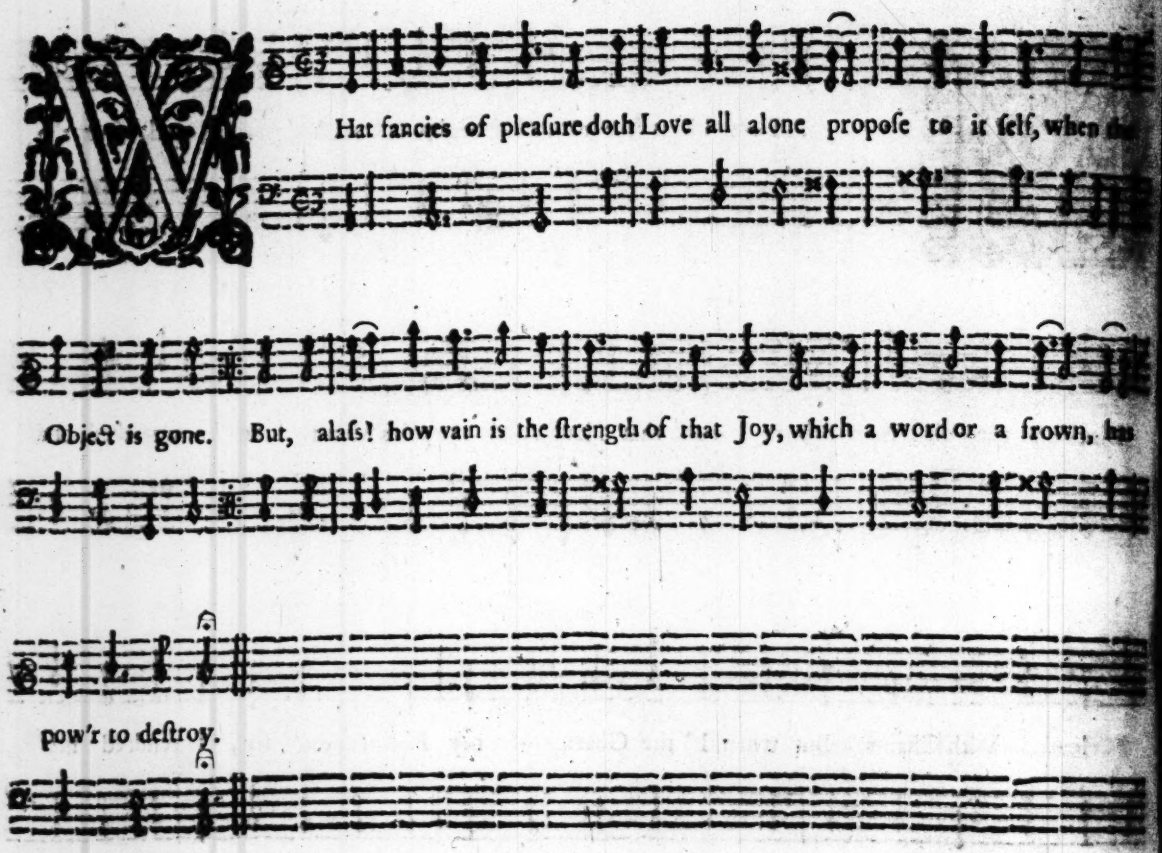
Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

II.

I Lov'd with a Zeal and paſſion ſo ſtrong,
Forgot ſhe was woman, and could not love long;
I never conſider'd the tricks and the arts
She us'd to entangle and captivate hearts;
At length I diſcover'd, and plainly I knew
My *Phillis* was fickle, and could not be true.

III.

I curſt my hard fate that kindled my flame;
I oft'ner my ſelf than my *Phillis* did blame:
Yet I bore ſuch reſpect unto her, that I thought,
Want of merit in me, this humour hath wrought,
And then I reſolv'd I never would be
So bold as to Love, but would always be free.



II.

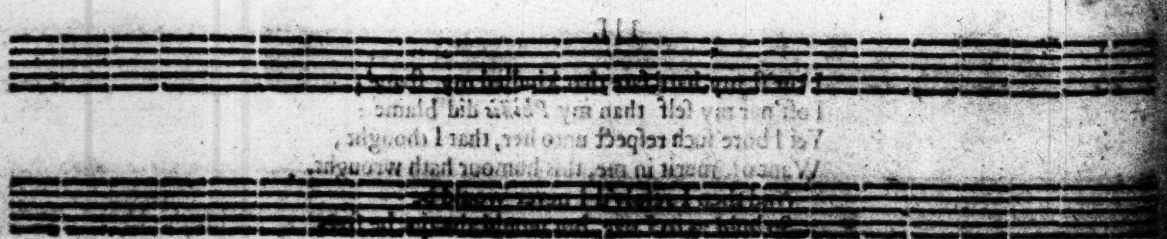
For though the first venture prove calm in her Eyes,
In the second access a storm may arise:
Then with sighs and with grief are those spirits display'd,
Who to cherish despair have given their aid.

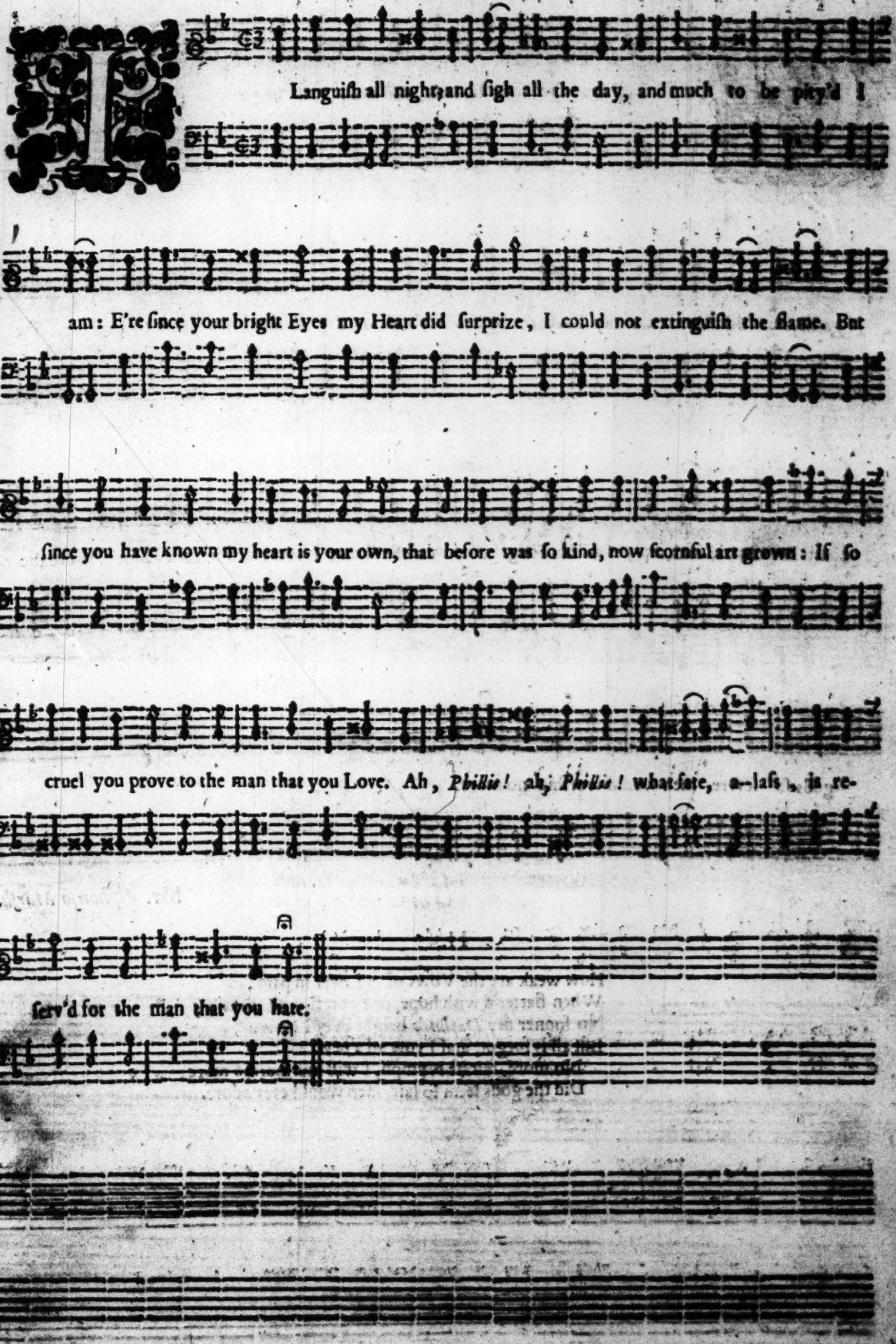
III.

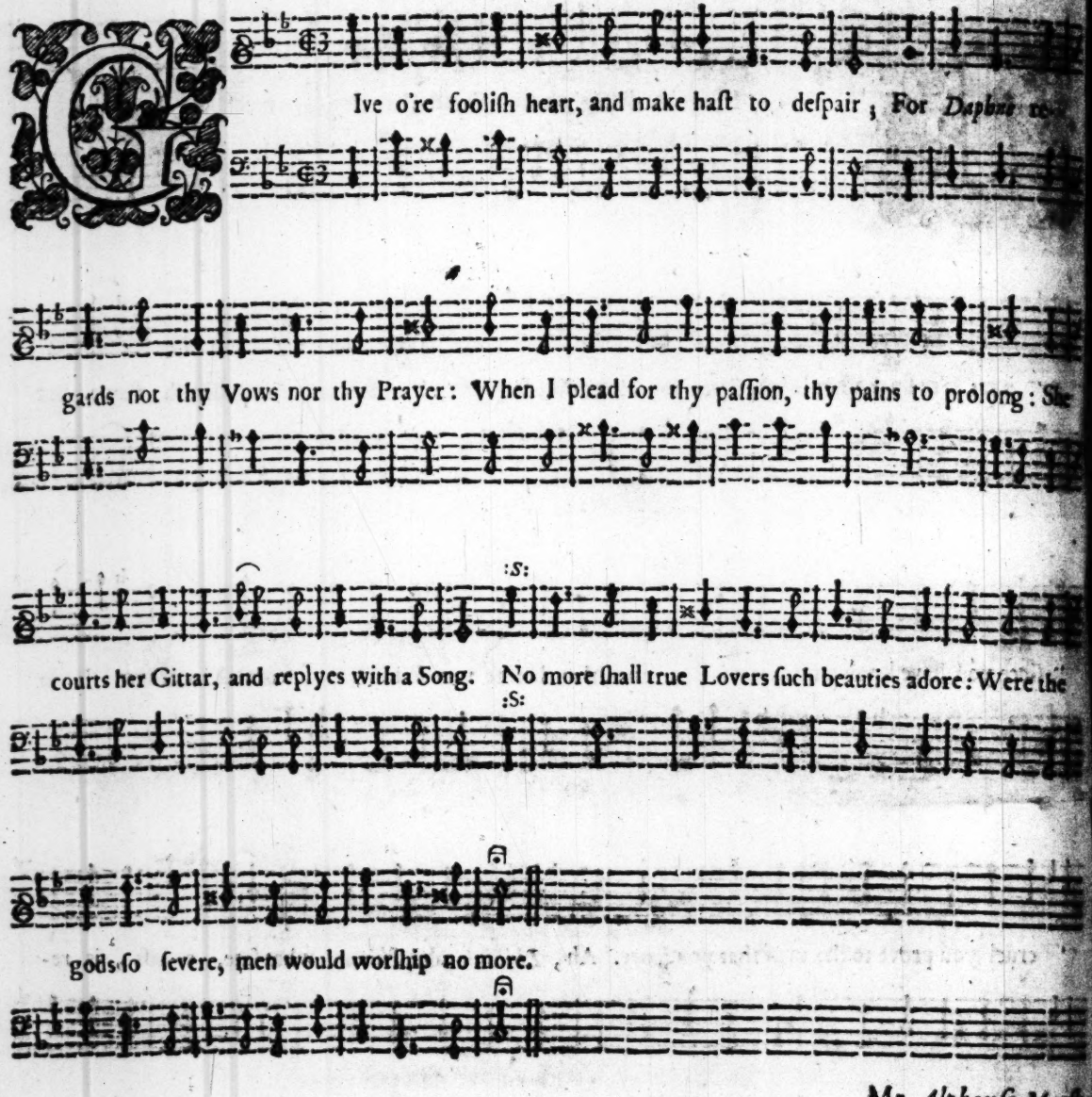
Thus Lovers with doubt a fond kindness pursue,
Whilst fate from their follies prove false and untrue:
They're either possest with the thoughts of despair,
Or else lay on Love a continual care.

IV.

Then since we'r endu'd with so gentle a soul,
That ev'ry small signal our heart may controle;
'Twere a sign of Loves pity, our care to restrain,
By making us free-men, without so much pain.



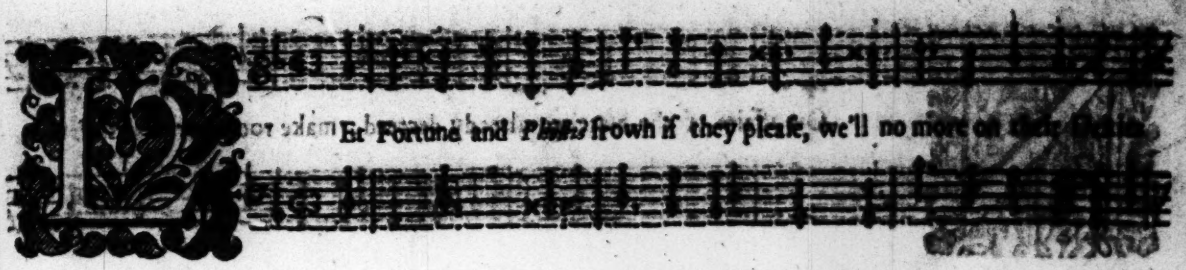

I Languiſh all night, and ſigh all the day, and much to be pity'd I
am: E're ſince your bright Eyes my Heart did ſurprize, I could not extinguiſh the flame. But
ſince you have known my heart is your own, that before was ſo kind, now ſcornful art grown: If ſo
cruel you prove to the man that you Love. Ah, Phillis! ah, Phillis! what fate, a-laſs, is re-
ſerv'd for the man that you hate.



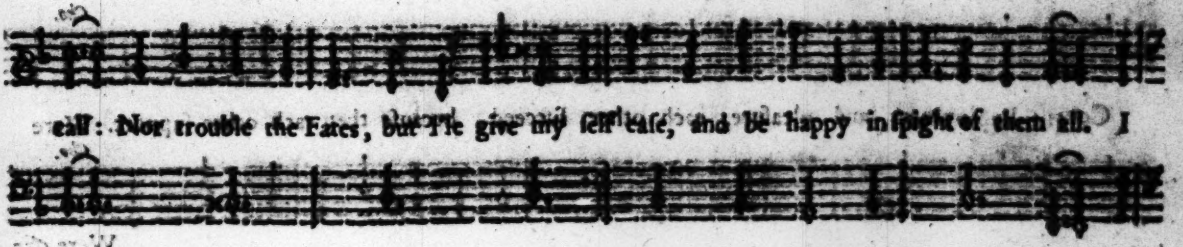
Mr. *Alphonſo Marſh.*

II.

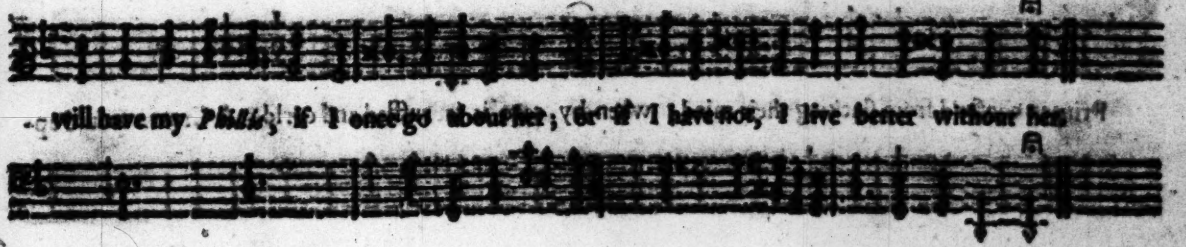
How weak are the Vows of a Lover in pain,
When flatter'd with hope, or oppreſt with diſdain;
No ſooner my *Daphne's* bright eyes I review,
But all is forgot, and I vow all a new.
No more, faireſt Nymph, I will murmur no more;
Did the gods ſeem ſo fair, men would ever adore.



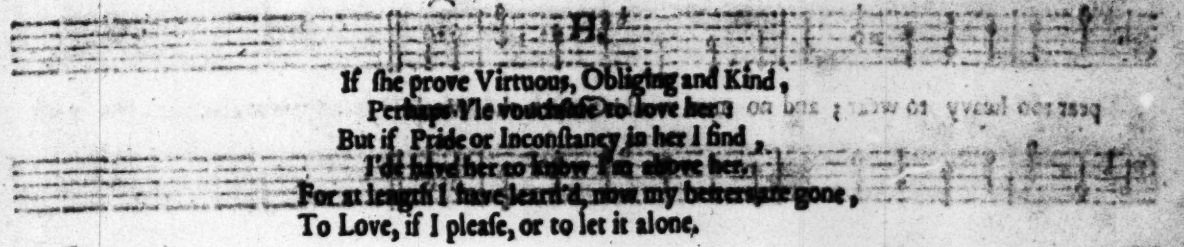
Let Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they please, we'll no more on their Smiles



call: Nor trouble the Fates, but I'le give my self ease, and be happy in spight of them all. I

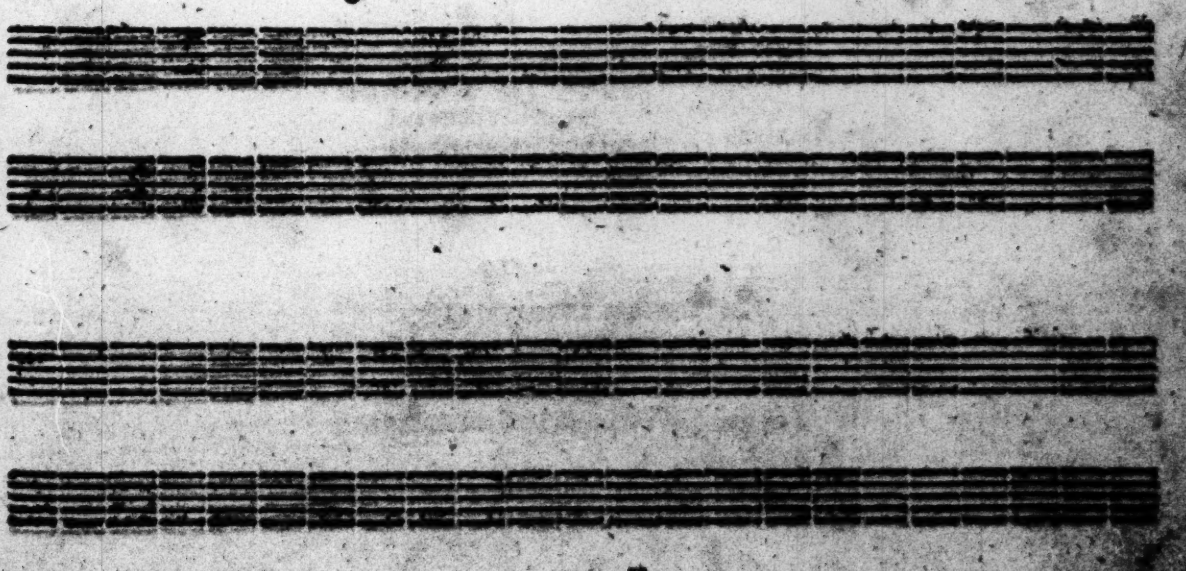


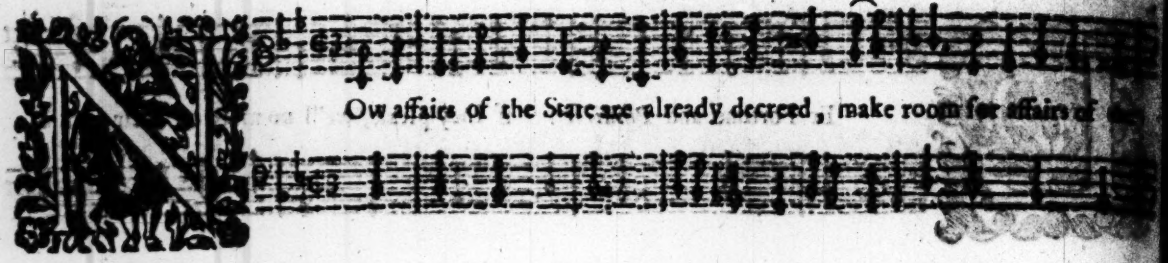
will have my *Phillis*, if I once go about her; Or if I have not, I live better without her.

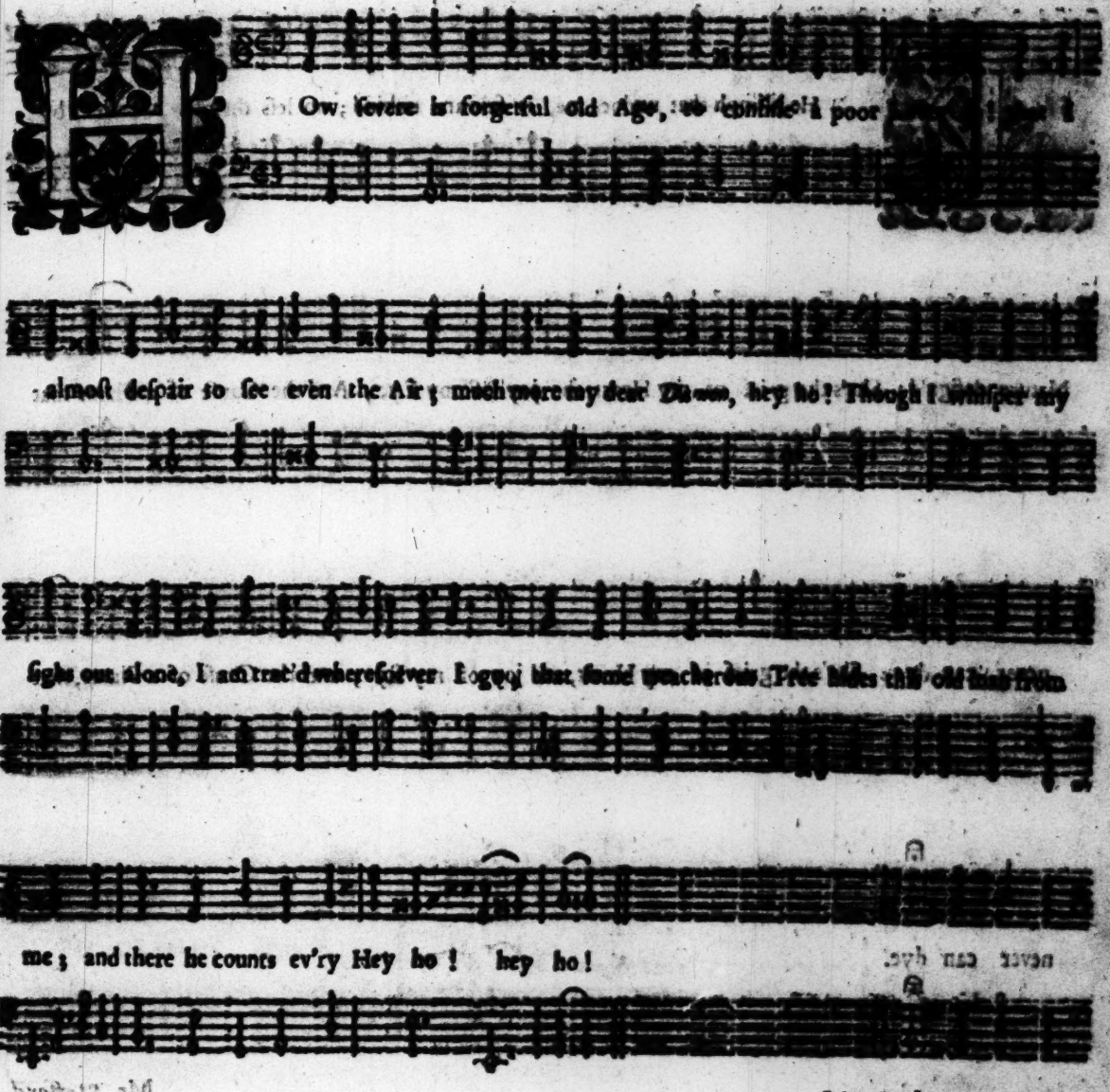


Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

If she prove Virtuous, Obliging and Kind,
Perhaps I'le vouchsafe to love her:
But if Pride or Inconstancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know I'm above her,
For at length I have learn'd, now my better sense gone,
To Love, if I please, or to let it alone.




Ow affaires of the State are already decreed, make room for affaires of
Chr.
Court: Imployment, and pleasure, each other succeed, because they each other support. Were
Chr.
Were, &c.
Princes confin'd from slacking their mind; when by care is so ruffled and curld: A Crown would ap-
pear too heavy to wear; and no man would Govern the World.


HOw severe is forgetful old Age, to confine a poor [illegible] I
almost despair to see even the Air; much more my dear Dawn, hey ho! Though I whisper my
sighs out alone, I am trac'd wheresoever I go; that some treacherous Tree hides this old man from
me; and there he counts ev'ry Hey ho! hey ho!

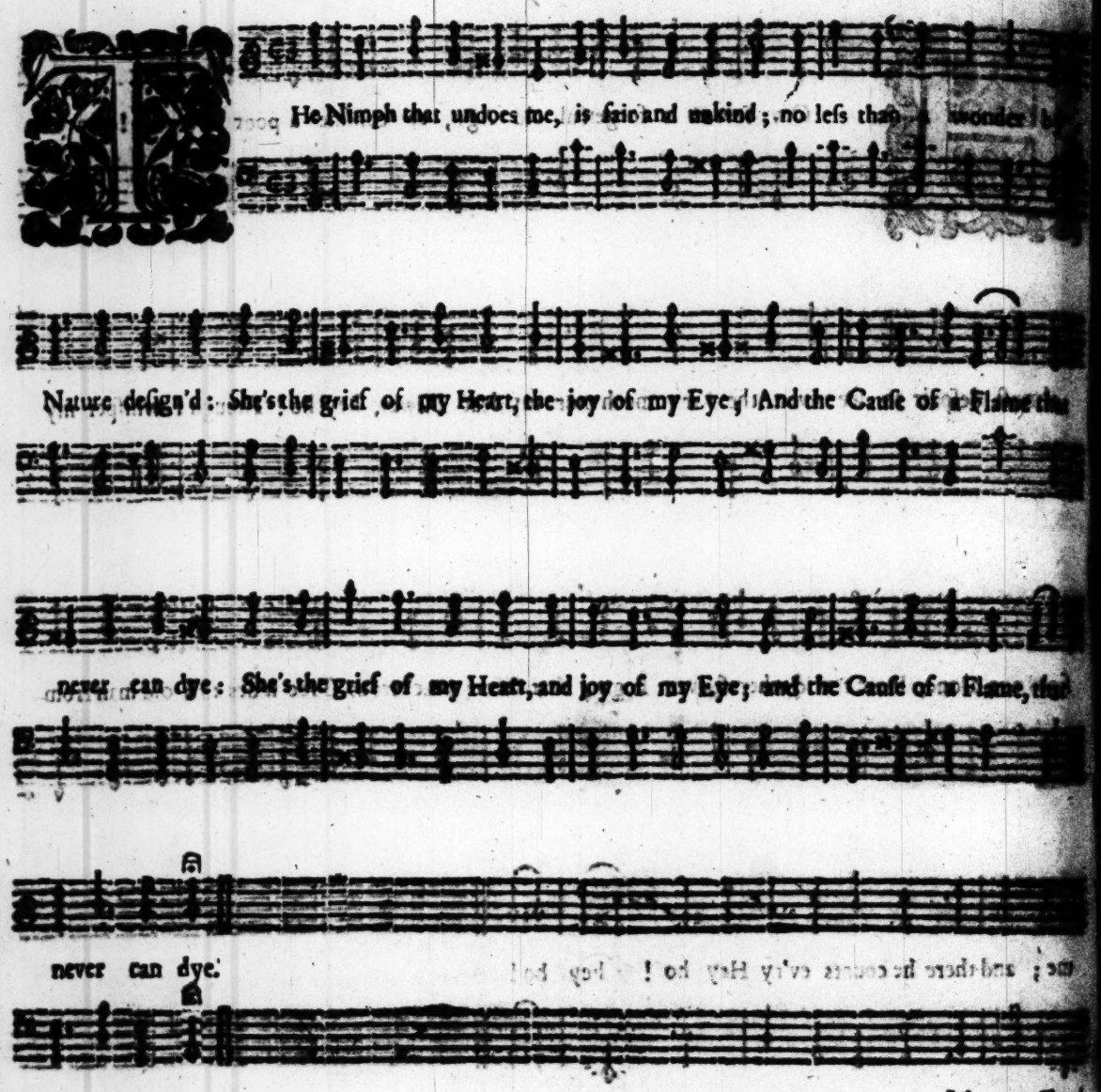
Mr. *Pelham Humphrey.*

II.

How shall I this Argus blind?
And so put an end to my wo;
For whilst I beguile
His Frowns with a Smile;
I betray my self, with a Hey ho! hey ho!

III.

My restraint, then alas! must endure;
So that since my sad doom I have
I'le pine for my Love
Like the Turtle-Dove;
And breath out my Life in Hey ho! hey ho!



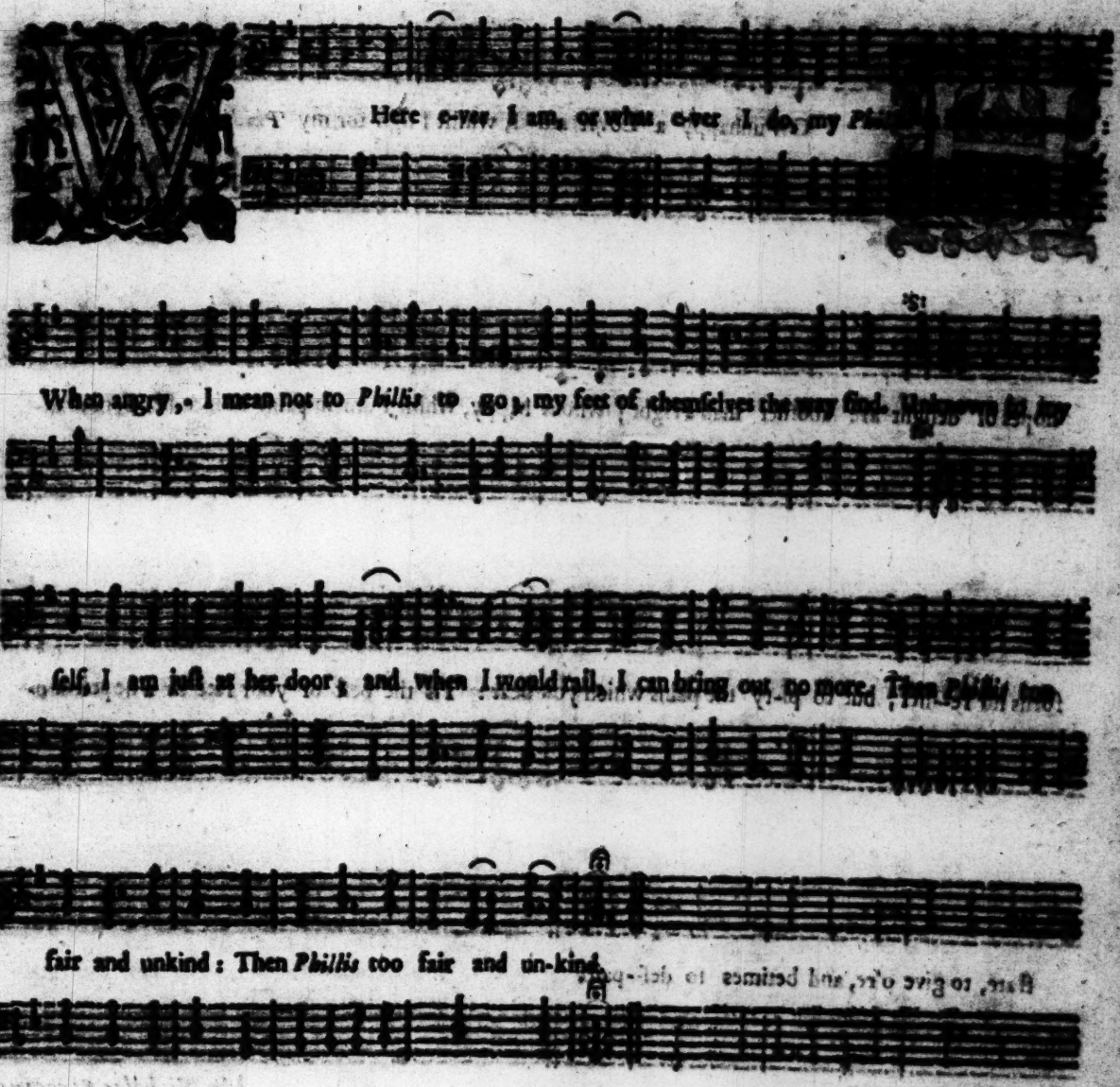
Mr. *Stafford.*

II.

Her Lips, from whence Wit obligingly flows,
Has the colour of Cherries, and smell of the Rose;
Love and Destiny both attends on her will,
She Saves with a smile, with a frown she can Kill.

III.

The disperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess;
In *Celia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must Love, who Loves her must dye.


Here e-ver I am, or what e-ver I do, my Phi
When angry, I mean not to *Phillis* to go, my feet of themselves the way find. Unknown to my
self, I am just at her door, and when I would rail, I can bring out no more. Then *Phillis* too
fair and unkind: Then *Phillis* too fair and un-kind.

Mr. *Alphonso Marsh.*

II.

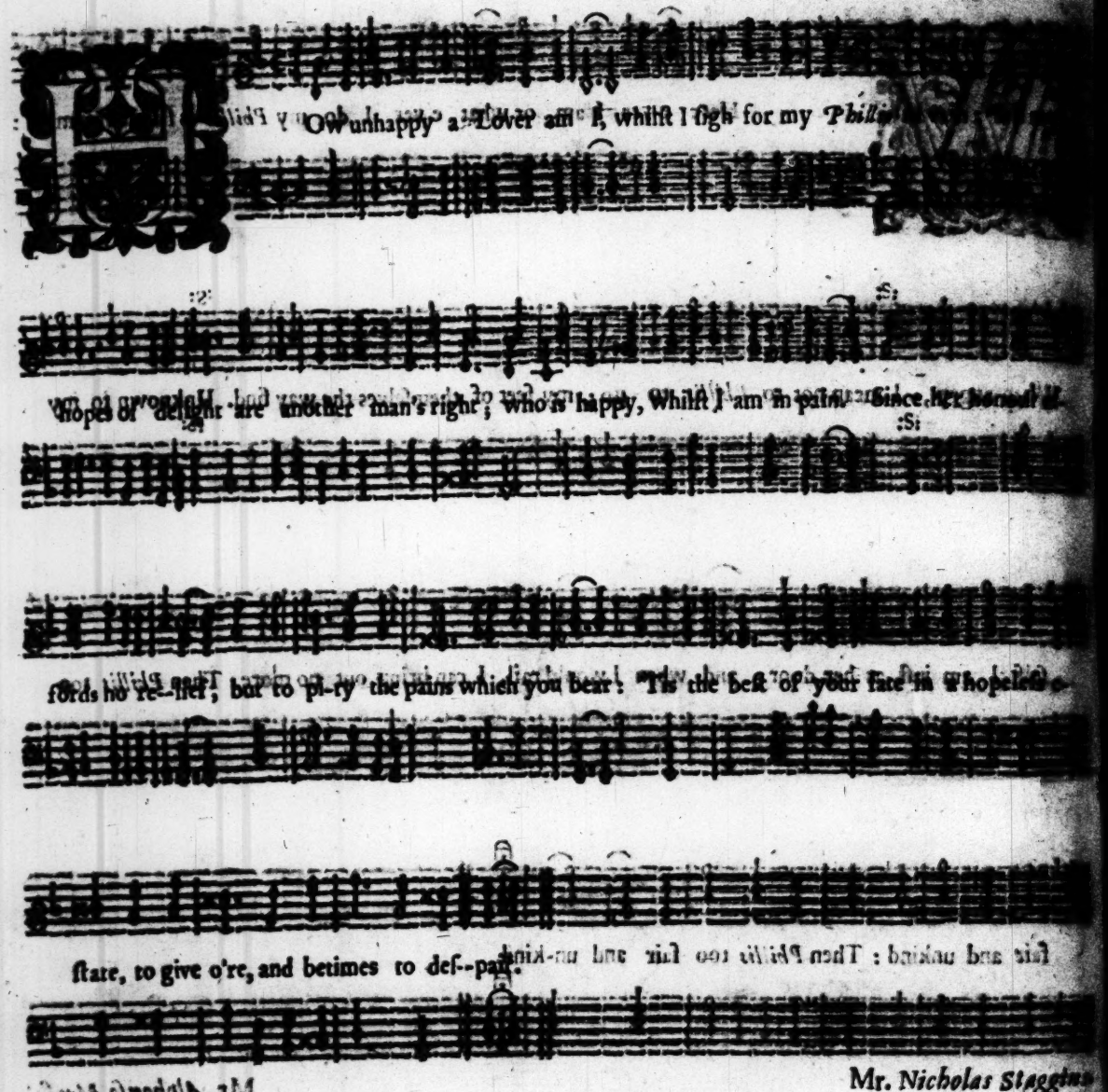
When *Phillis* I see, my heart burns in my breast,
And the Love I would stifle is show'n:
But asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
When from mine eyes *Phillis* is gone.
Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind;
But alass! when I wake, and no *Phillis* I find,
Then I sigh to my self all alone!
Then I sigh to my self all alone!

III.

Should a King be my rival in her I adore,
He should offer his treasure in vain:
O let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again.
Let *Phillis* be mine, and ever be kind,
I could to a Desart with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his reign:
And envy no Monarch his reign.

IV.

Alass! I discover too much of my Love;
And she too well knows her own pow'r:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour.
But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis*, both false and unkind,
Then ever be freed from her pow'r:
Then ever be freed from her pow'r.



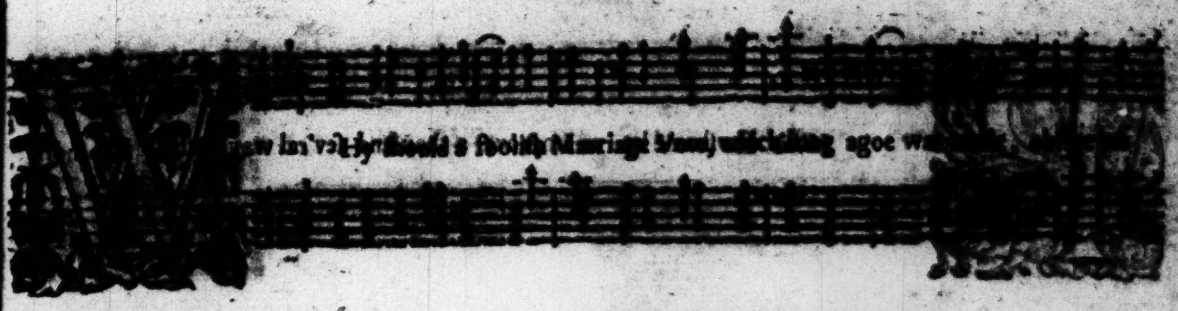
Mr. *Nicholas Staggins*

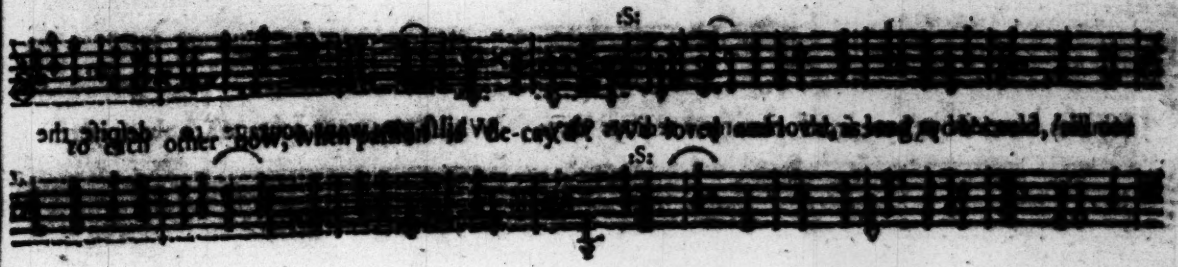
II.

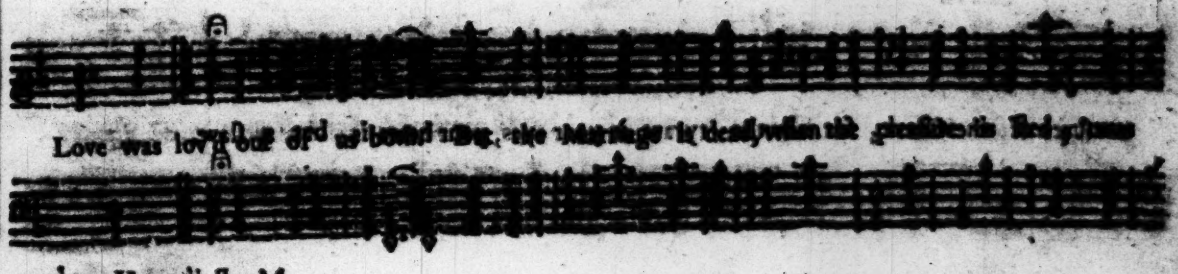
I have try'd the false Medicine in vain;
Yet I wish what I hope not to win:
From without my desire has no food to its fire,
But it burns and consumes me within.
Yet at least, 'tis a comfort to know
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nimph you adore is as wretched or more,
And accounts all your suff'rings her own.

III.

O you pow'rs! let me suffer for both;
At the feet of my *Phillis* I'le lye:
I'le resign up my breath, and take pleasure in death,
To be pity'd by her when I dye.
What her honour deny'd you in life,
In her death she will give to her love:
Such a flame as a crime, after fate will renew,
When the souls do meet closer above.

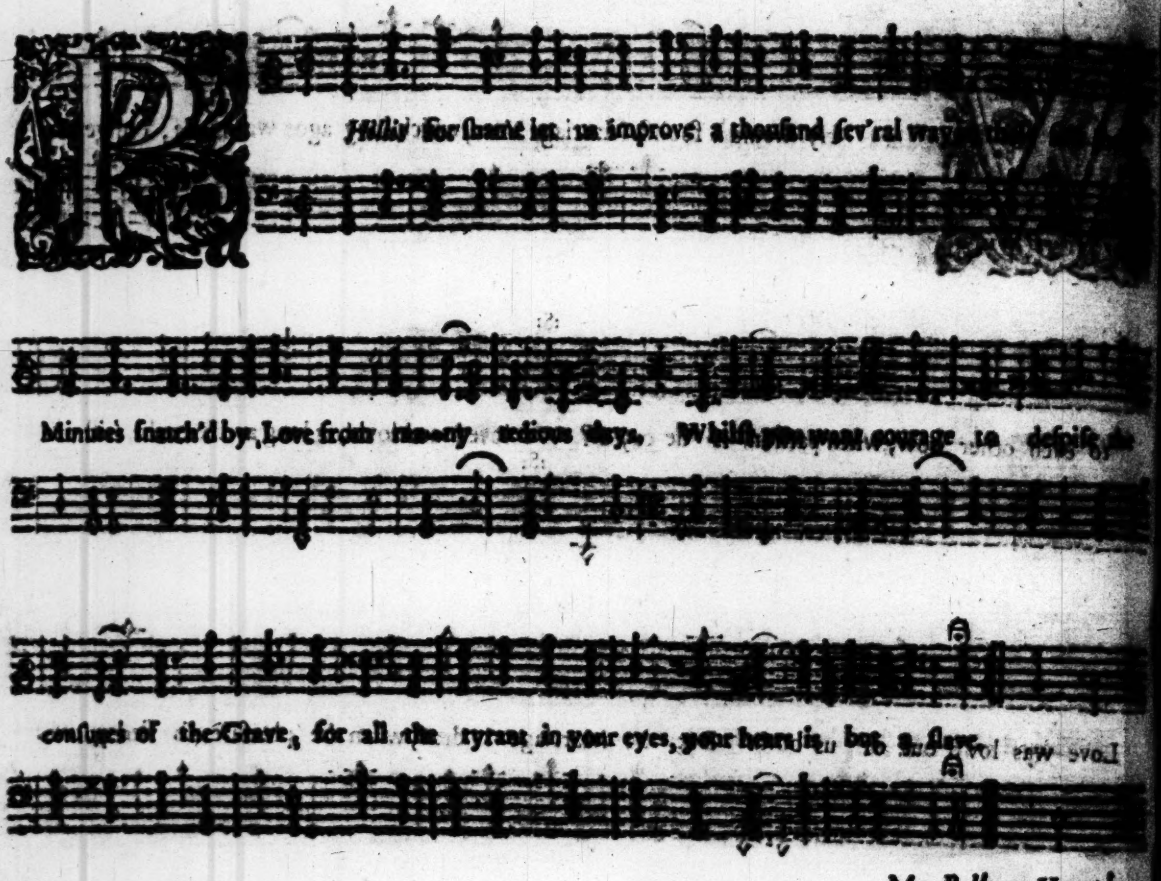






Mr. Robert Smith.

If I have pleasure for a friend,
And further joy in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who could give no more?
It's a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another;
For neither can hinder the other.



II.

My Love is full of noble pride,
And never shall submit,
To let that Fop discretion ride
In triumph over wit.

False friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave of loving you.

IV.

When I the least belief bestow
On what such fools advise:
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise.

III.

Man.

Fair Nymph, did your feet
But those Passions I bear
My Love you would never suspect,
An heart made of fleet
Sure must needs love the fair;
And what we Love cannot neglect.

Woman.

Then since we love both,
Let us both be agreed;

Man.

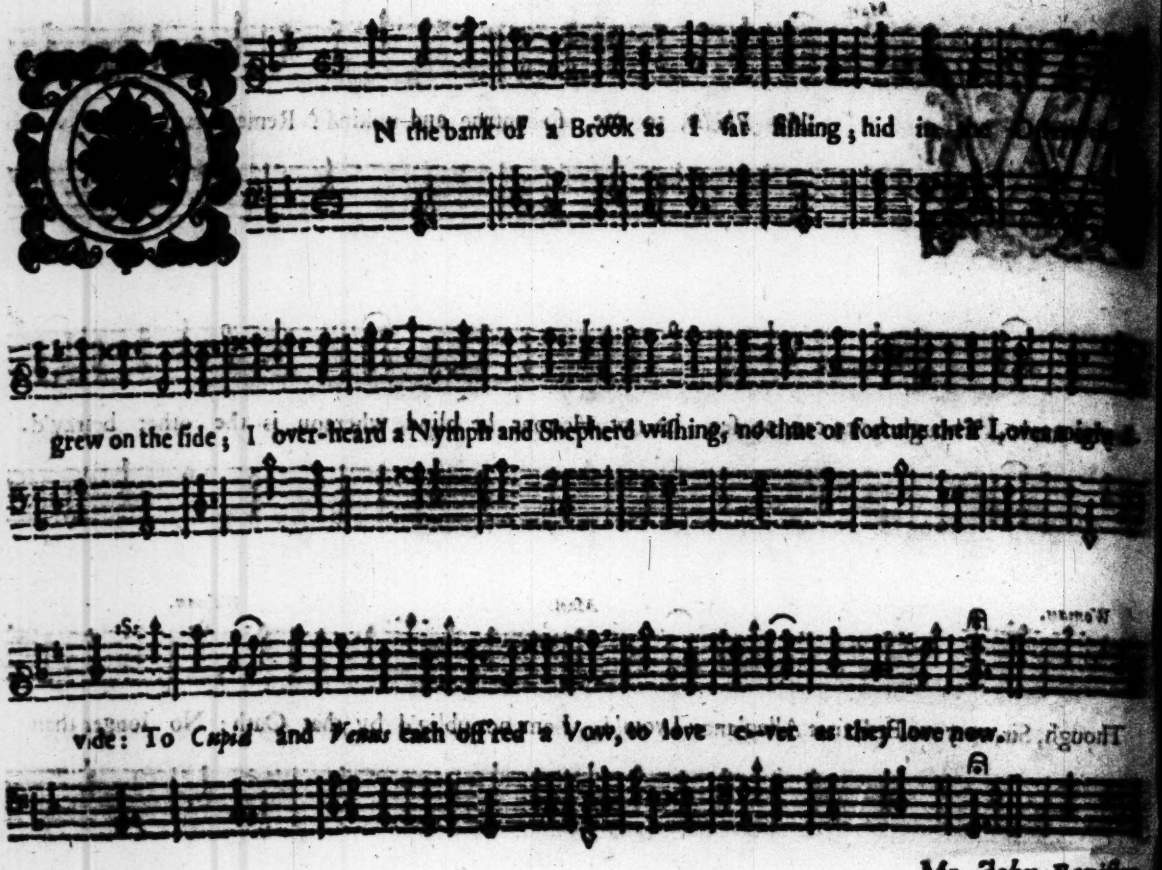
And seal both our Loves with a Kiss;

Woman.

From breaking our Oath
We shall both then be freed;

Man.

And Princes will envy our bliss.



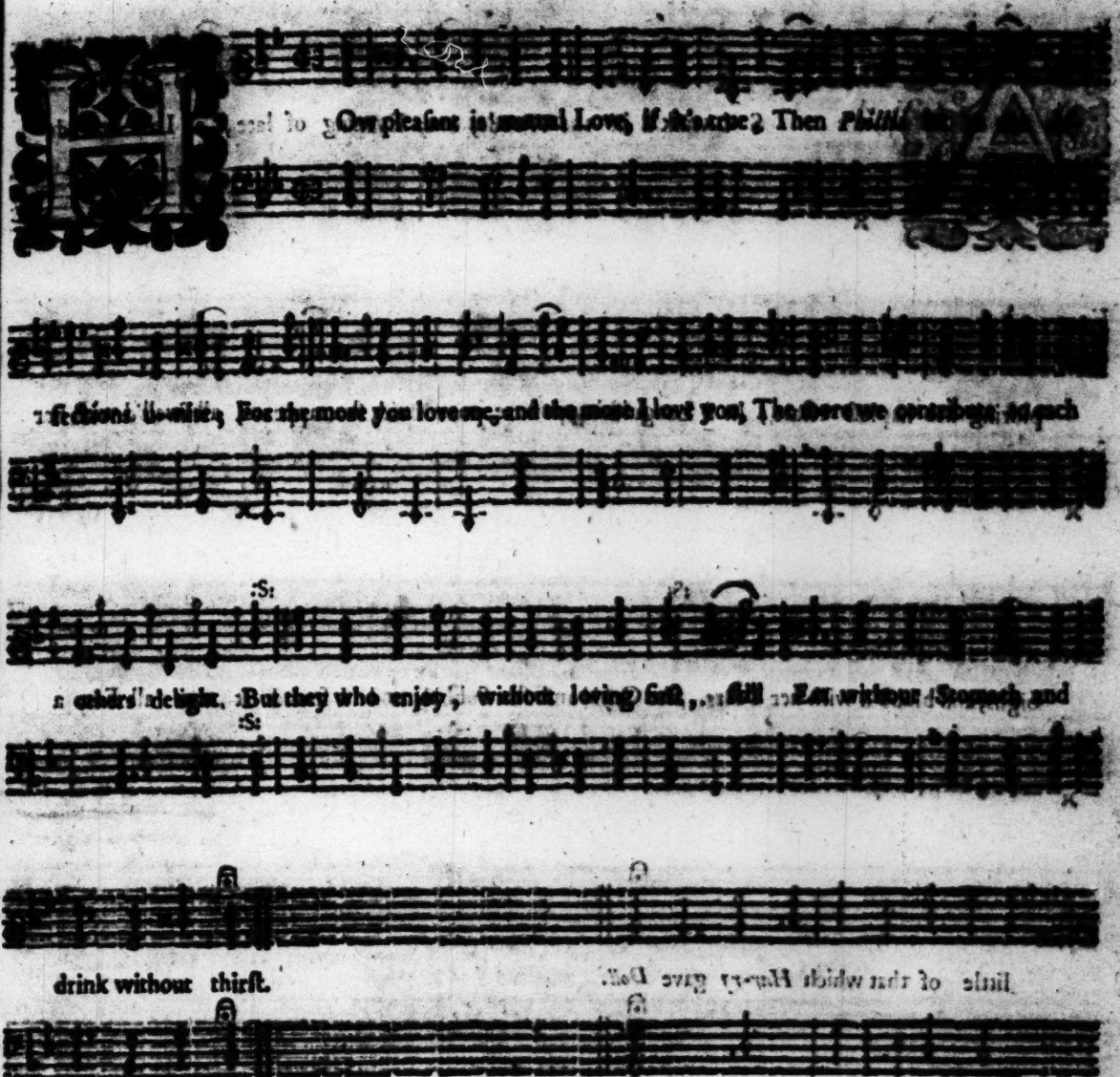
Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

Oh! said the Shepherd, and sigh'd, what a pleasure
Is love conceal'd betwixt Lovers alone?
Love must be secret like, like Fairy treasure,
When 'tis discover'd 'twill quickly be gone:
And envy or jealousie if it should stay,
Will soon, alas! make it decay.

III.

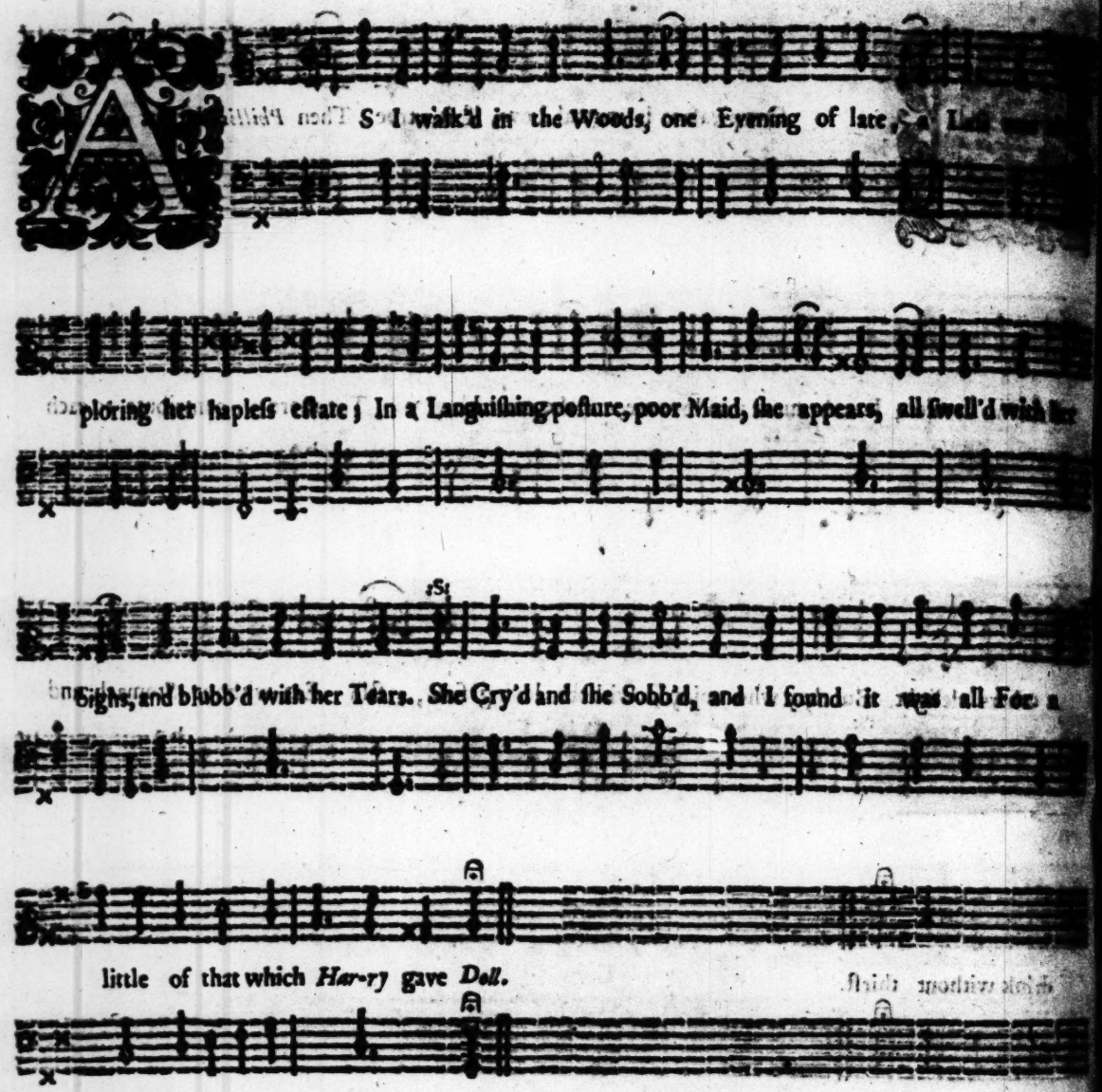
Then let us leave the world and care behind us,
Said the Nimph smiling, and gave him her hand;
All alone, all alone, where none shall find us,
In some far desart we'l seek a new land:
And there live from envy or jealousie free,
And a World so much other we'l be.



Mr. Nicholas Staggins.

II.

Such is the poor Fool, who loves upon duty;
Becauſe a Canonick a Coxcomb hath made him:
He ne're taſts the ſweets of Love and of Beauty;
But drudges, becauſe a dull Prieſt hath berray'd him.
But who in enjoyment from love take their meaſure,
Are wrapt with delights, and ſtill ravish'd with pleaſure.



Mr. Robert Smith

Mr. *John Banister.*

II.

From the bright Visions head,
A careless veil of Lawn was lightly spread;
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown or fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But most her Eyes, that languish'd with desire,

III.

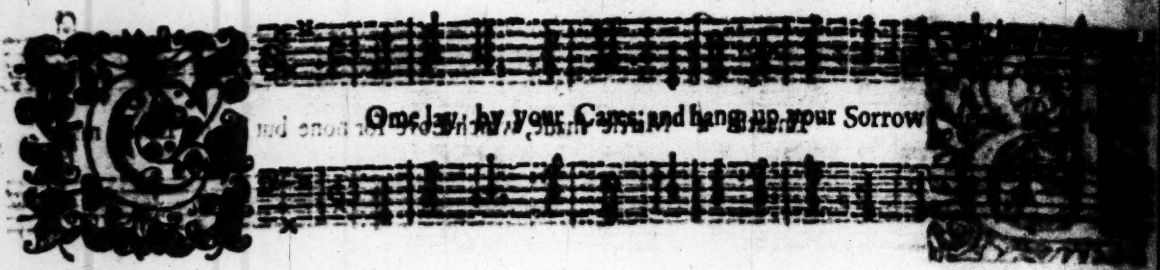
Ah, charming Fair, said I,
How long can you my bliss and yours deny:
By Nature and by Love this lovely Shade
Was for revenge of suffering Lovers made.
Silence and shades with Love agree,
Both shelter you, and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

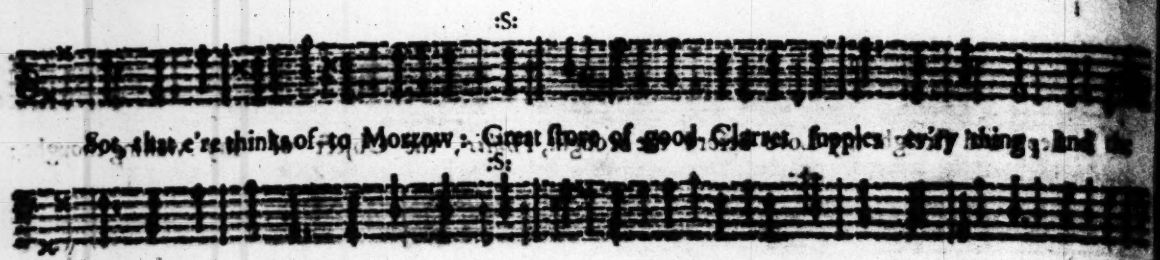
IV.

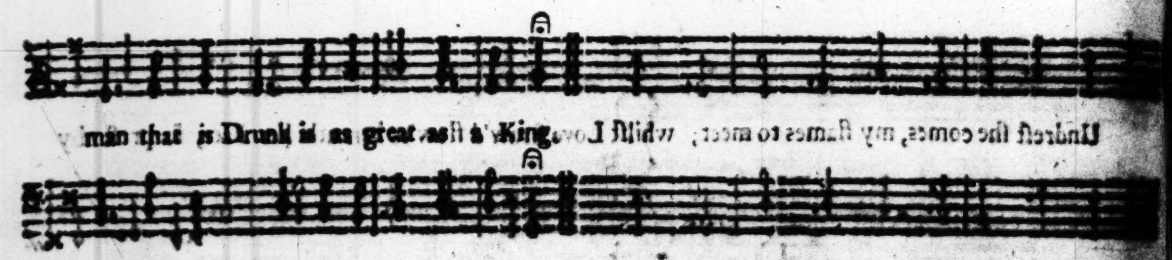
No, let me dye, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless name of Maid;
Faintly she spoke, methought, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a smile.
Then dye, said I, she still deny'd;
And is it thus? Thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless maid, and so she dy'd.

V.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my dream prove true:
Fancy the kinder Mistress of the two,
Fancy had done what *Phillis* would not do.
Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your disdain,
While I can dream you yours in vain,
Slave, or waking, you must rule my pain.







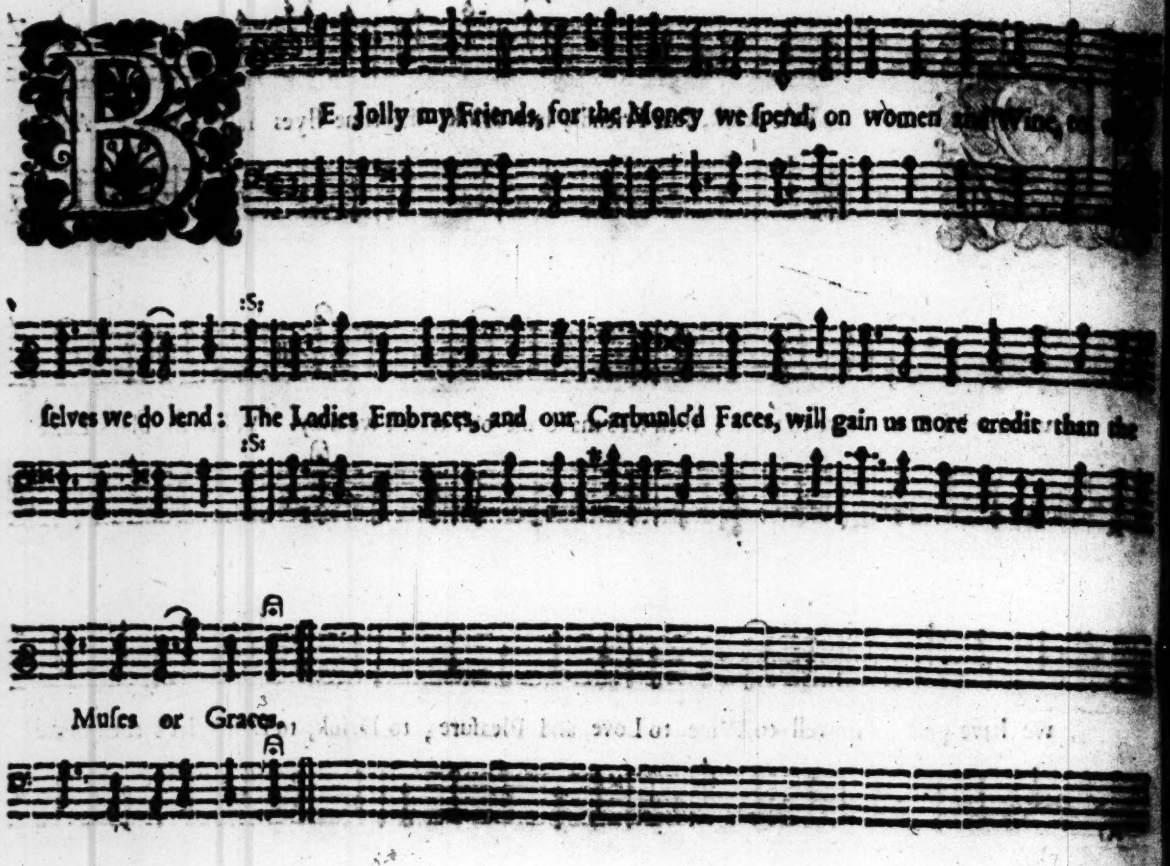
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

Let none at Misfortunes or losses repine;
But take a full dose of the Juice of the Vine!
Diseases and troubles are ne're to be found!
But in the damn'd place where the Grape can not grow.

one note Power & Peace & Sharps;

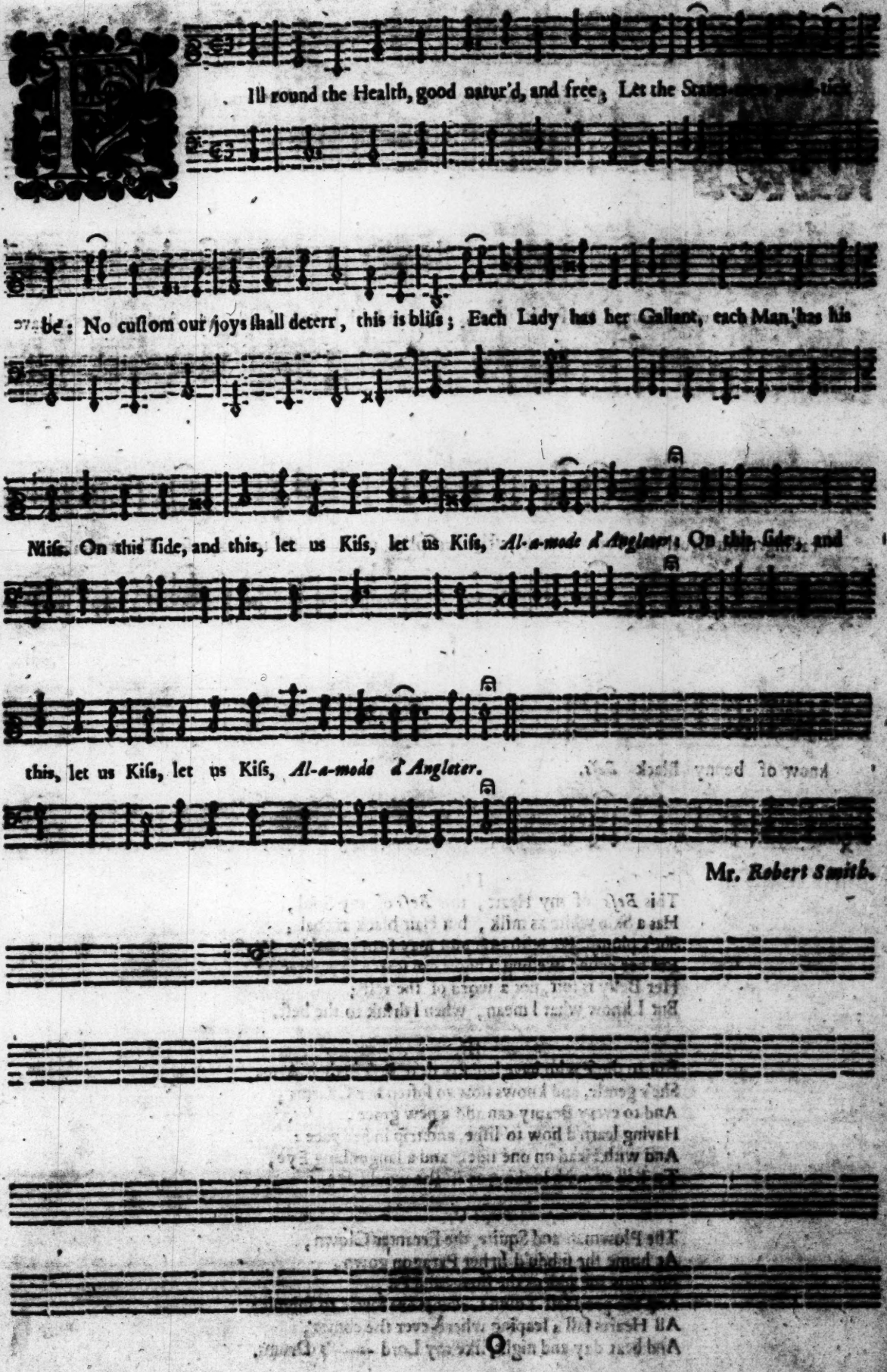
Mr. *Tho. Farmer.*

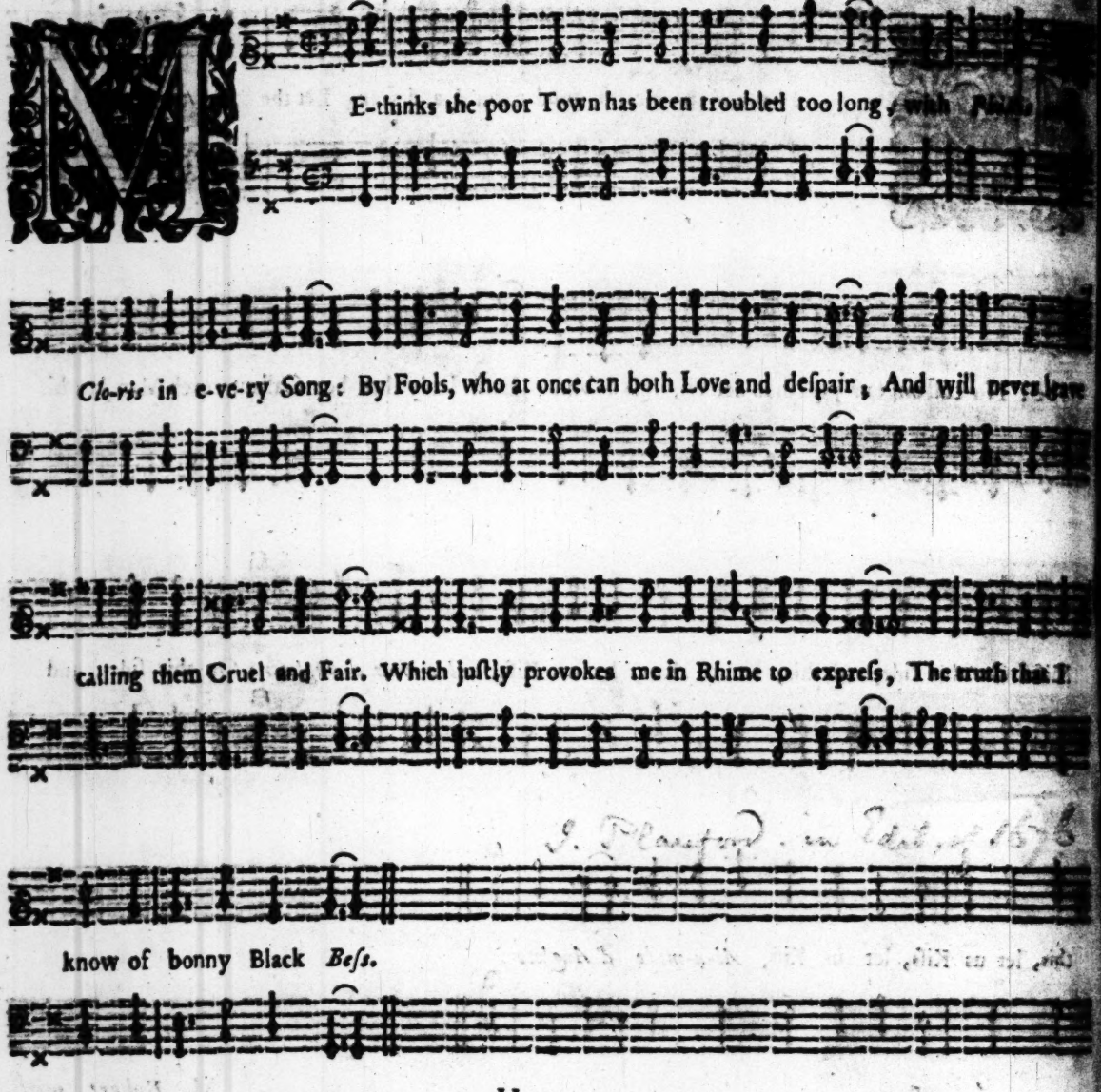


Mr. *Robert Smith*,

II.

Then Sirrah be quicker, and bring us more Liquor,
We'l have nothing to do with Physician or Vicar:
We'l round with our Bowls, 'till our Passing-bell Touls,
And trust no such Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.


Ill round the Health, good natur'd, and free; Let the State-
be: No cuſtom our joys ſhall deterr, this is bliſs; Each Lady has her Gallant, each Man has his
Miſs. On this ſide, and this, let us Kiſs, let us Kiſs, Al-a-mode d'Angleter; On this ſide, and
this, let us Kiſs, let us Kiſs, Al-a-mode d'Angleter.
Mr. Robert Smith.



II.

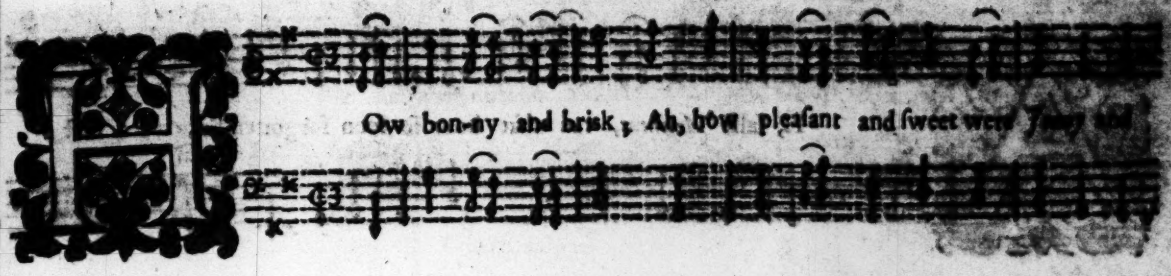
This *Beſs* of my Heart, this *Beſs* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as milk, but Hair black as coal;
She's plump, yet with eaſe you may ſpan round her Waſt,
But her round ſwelling Thighs can ſcarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is ſoft, not a word of the reſt;
But I know what I mean, when I drink to the beſt.

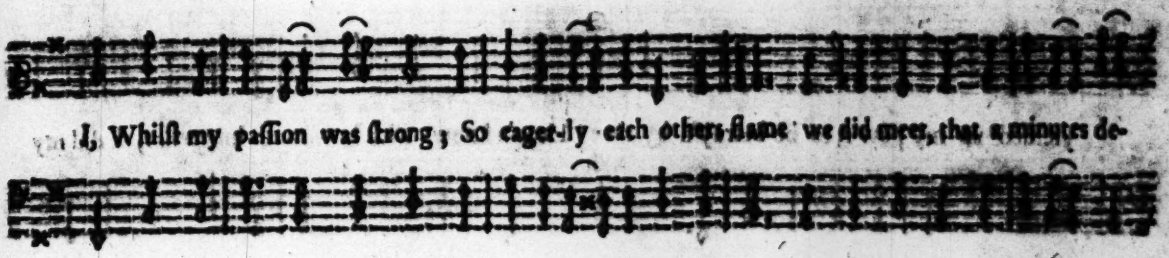
III.

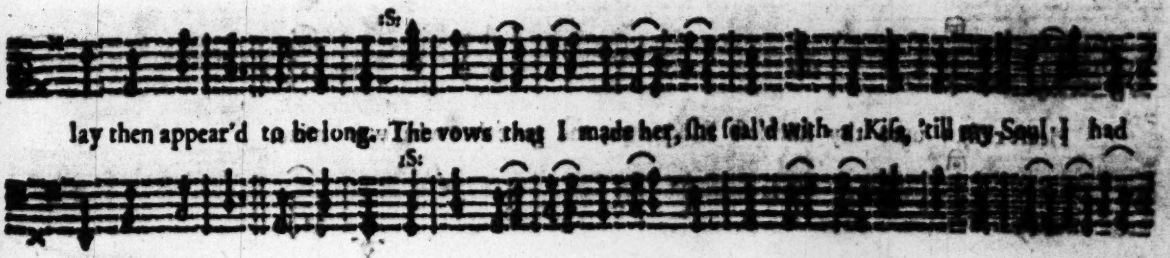
But to thoſe who have had my dear *Beſs* in their Arms,
She's gentle, and knows how to ſoften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new grace,
Having learn'd how to liſpe, and trip in her pace:
And with Head on one ſide, and a languiſhing Eye,
To Kill us with looking as if ſhe would dye.

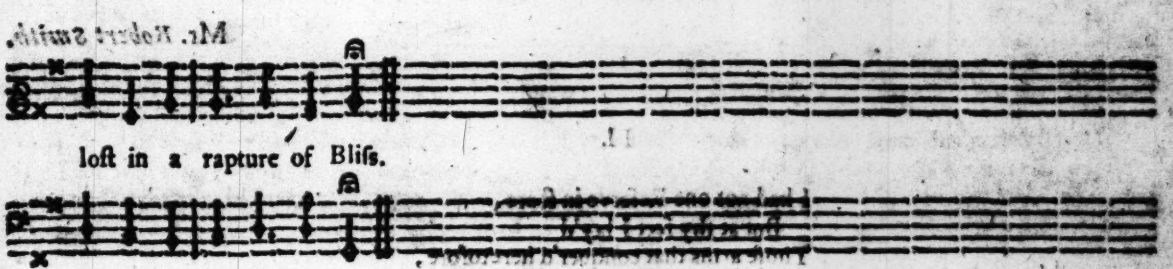
IV.

The Plowman and Squire, the Erranter Clown,
At home ſhe ſubdu'd in her Paragon gown;
But now ſhe adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudeſt Town Gallants are forc'd to ſubmit:
All Hearts fall a leaping where-ever ſhe comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord ——'s Drums.









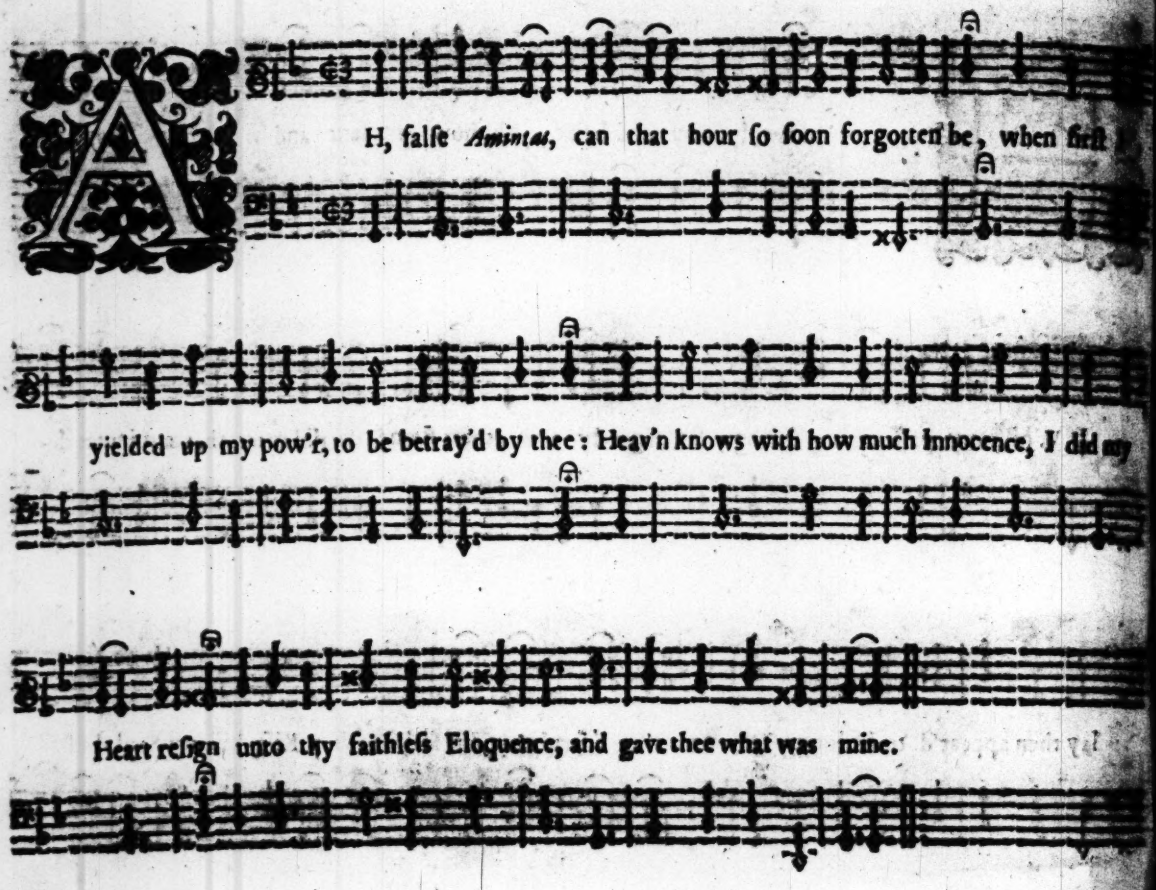
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

I Vow'd, and I thought I could ever have Lov'd,
Where Beauty and Kindness together I found,
So sweetly she look't, and so sweetly she mov'd,
That I fancy'd my strength with my joyes to abound:
For the pleasure I gave, she did doubly requite,
By finding out ever new waies to delight.

III.

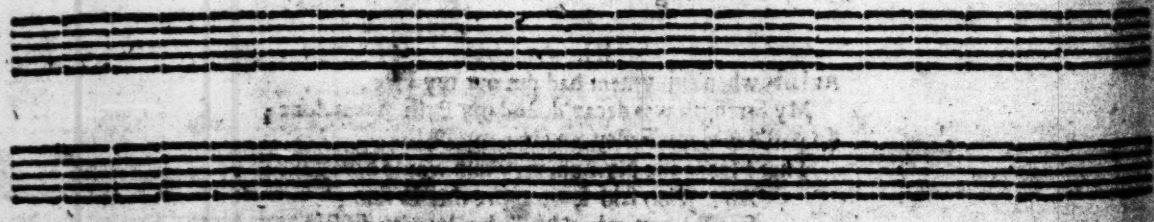
At last, when enjoyment had put out my Fire,
My Strength was decay'd, and my Passion was done;
So pall'd was my Fancy, so tame my Desire,
That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone.
Ah! *Jenny* said I, we adore thee in vain;
For Beauty enjoy'd does but burn to disdain.

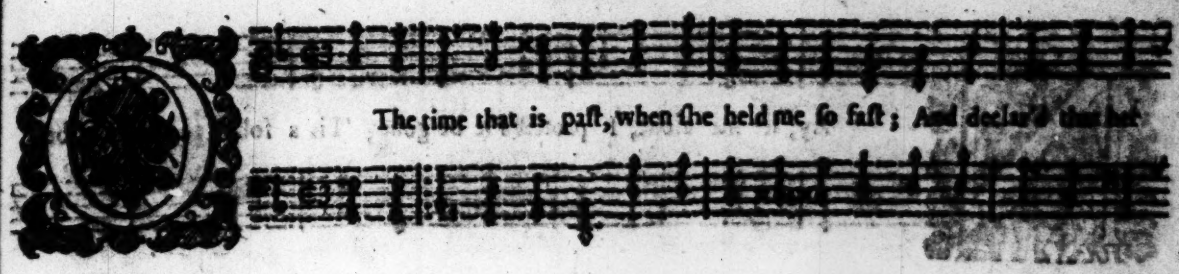


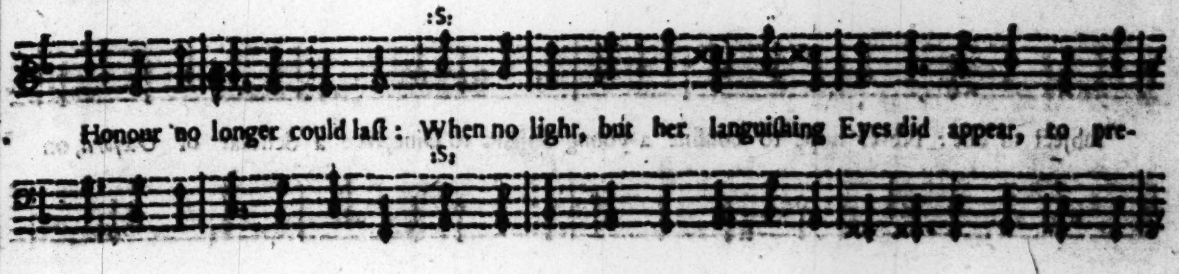
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

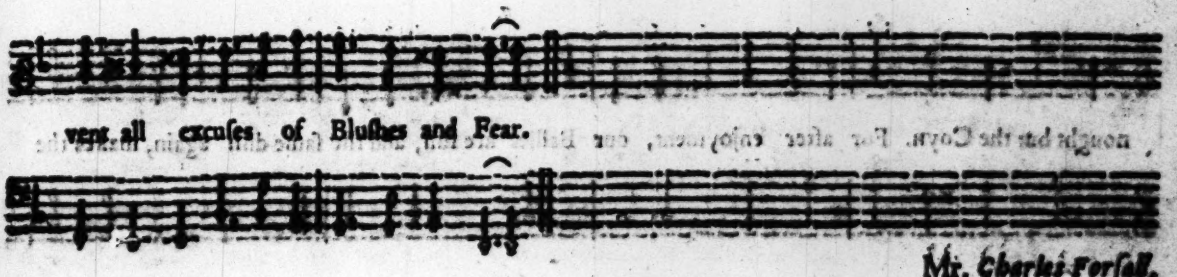
II.

I had not one Reserve in store,
But at thy feet I lay'd
Those arms that conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made:
Thy Eyes in silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail,
As after to betray.









Mr. *Charles Forſall.*

II.

When ſhe ſigh'd and unlac'd,
With ſuch trembling and haſt,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer imbrac'd:
My Lips the ſweet pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my mind was in ſearch of hid treaſure imploy'd.

III.

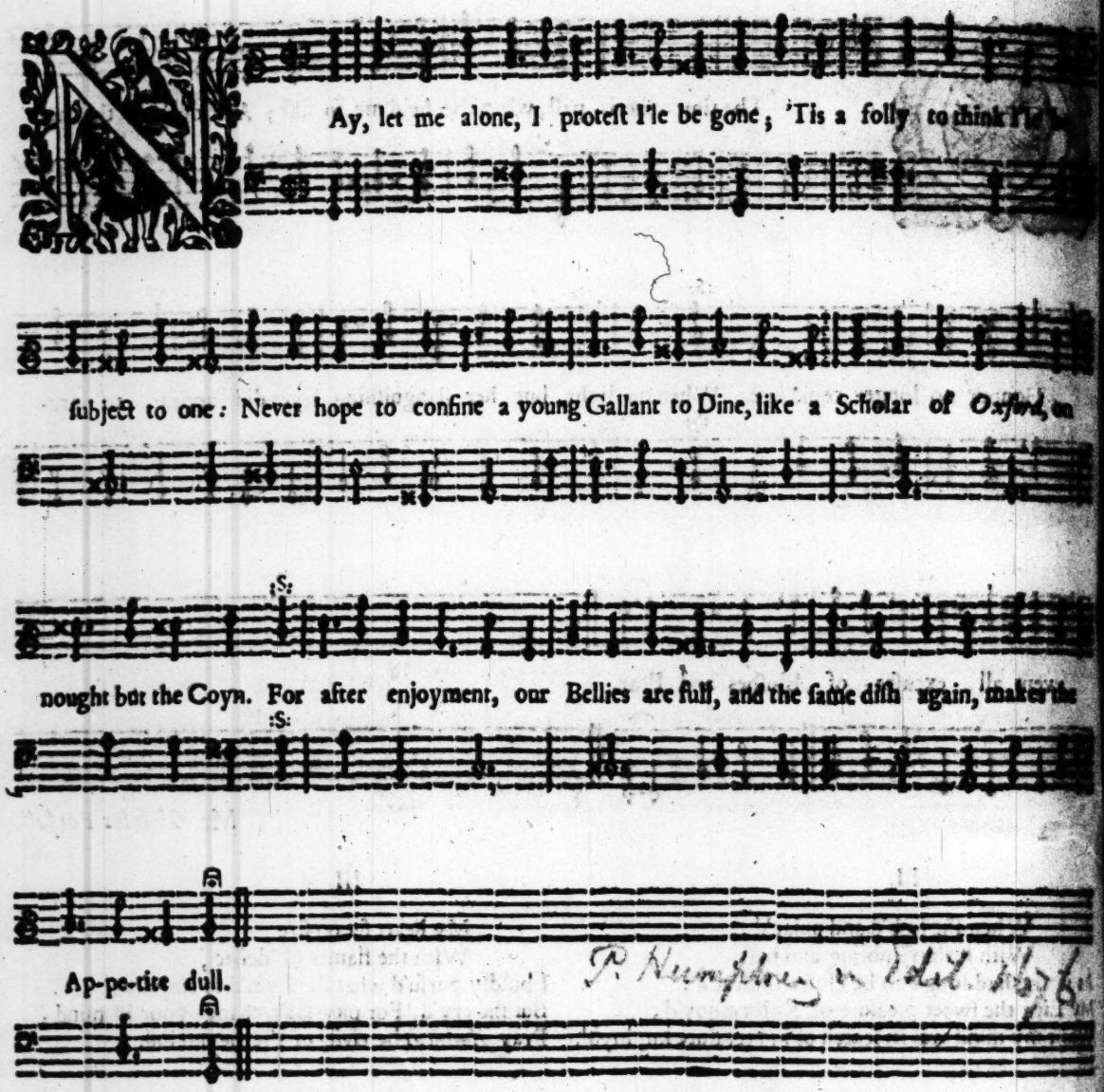
My heart ſet on fire
With the flames of deſire,
I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to enquire:
But ſhe cry'd, For pity-ſake, change your ill mind;
Pray *Amintas* be civil, or I'le be unkind.

IV.

Dear *Amintas*, ſhe cryes,
Then caſts down her Eyes;
And in Kiſſes ſhe gives, what in Words ſhe denyes:
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpoſe to ſtay,
Till her freer conſent had more ſweetned the prey.

V.

But too late I begun,
For her paſſion was done;
Now *Amintas*, ſhe cryes, I will never be won:
Your Tears, and your courtſhip no pity can move;
For you've ſlighted the critical minute of Love.



II.

By your wantoning Art; of a Sigh and a Start,
You endeavour in vain, to inveagle my Heart;
For the pretty diſguiſe of your languiſhing Eyes,
Will never prevail with my Sinews to riſe:
And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
When a Lover has Din'd, to perſwade him to Eat.

III.

Then *Betty*, the Jeſt is almoſt at the beſt,
'Tis only variety makes up the Feaſt:
For when we've enjoy'd, and with pleaſures are cloy'd,
The Vows that we made, to Love ever, are voyd.
And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal ſhould be made of a Reliſhing bit.

II.

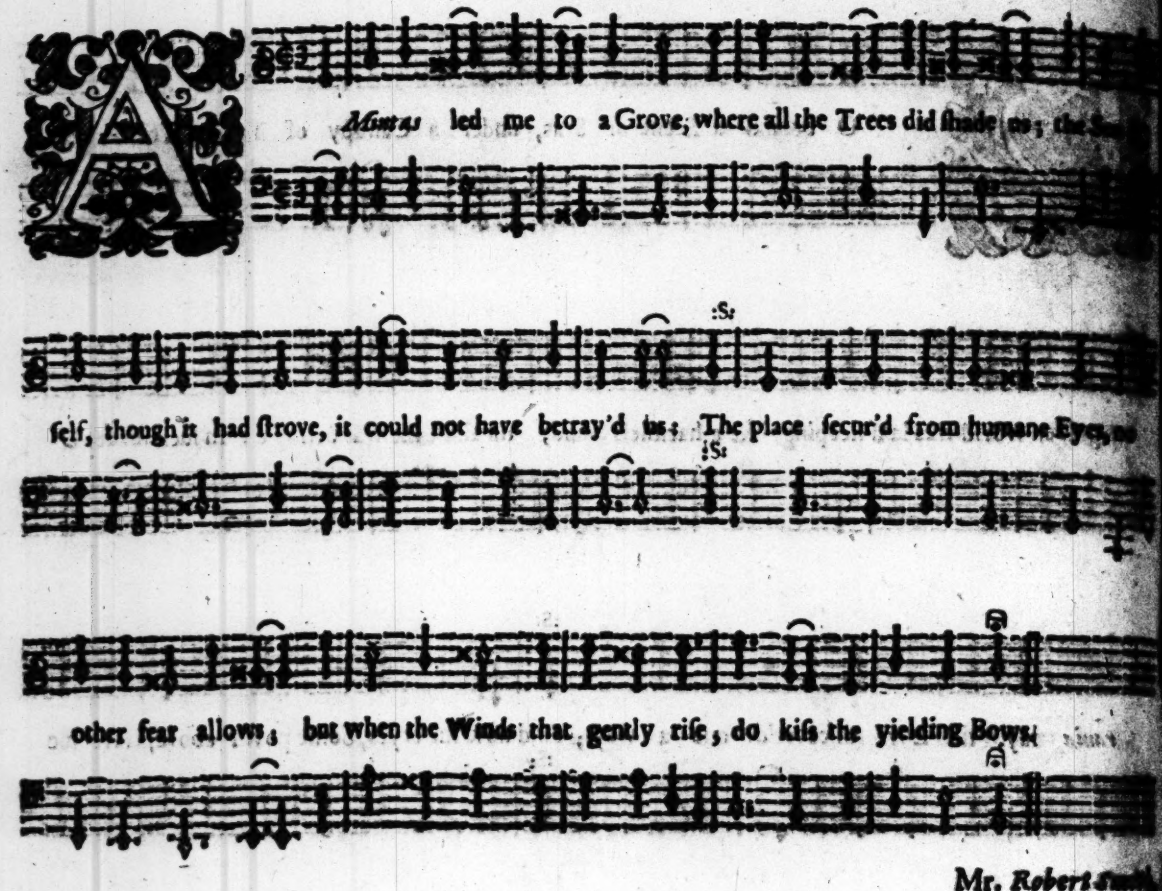
Her poor Heart had no defence,
But its Maiden innocence;
In each sweet retyring eye,
You might easily discry
Troops of yielding beauties fly,
Leaving rare unguarded treasure
To the Conquerors will and pleasure.
And now she cryes, &c.

III.

Now and then, a straggling frown,
(Through the shade slips up and down)
Shooting such a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant smart,
And preserve her Lips and Heart:
But alas, her Empires gone,
Throne, and Temples, all undone.
And now she cryes, &c.

IV.

Charm aloft, those stormy winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines;
And let *Spanierds* Love be tore
On some cruel Rocky shore,
Where he'll put forth to Sea no more:
Least poor conquered Beauty cry,
Oh, I'm wounded! Oh, I dye!
And then, there is no pow'r above
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.



Mr. Robert Smith

II.

Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton Tricks, to paſs
The heat of all the day:
A-many Kiſſes he did give,
And I return'd the ſame;
Which made me willing to receive,
That which I dare not name.

III.

His charming Eyes no ayd requir'd
To tell his amorous Tale,
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſie to prevail:
He did but Kiſs, and claſp me round,
Whilſt thoſe his thoughts expreſt,
And laid me ſoftly on the ground:
Oh, who can gueſs the reſt.

Mr. *Alph. Marſh*, Junior.

II.

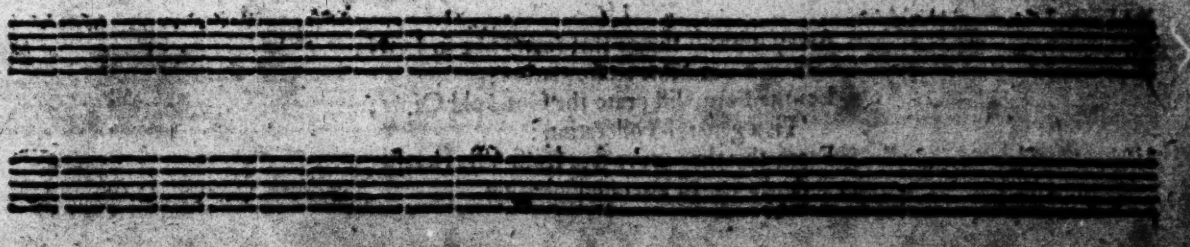
In Nature was nothing I found to compare
With the Beauty of *Phillis*, I thought her ſo fair:
A Wit ſo divine all her ſayings did fill;
A Goddeſs ſhe ſeem'd, and I thought on her ſtill:
With a zeal more inflam'd, and a paſſion more true
Then a Martyr in flames for Religion, can ſhew.

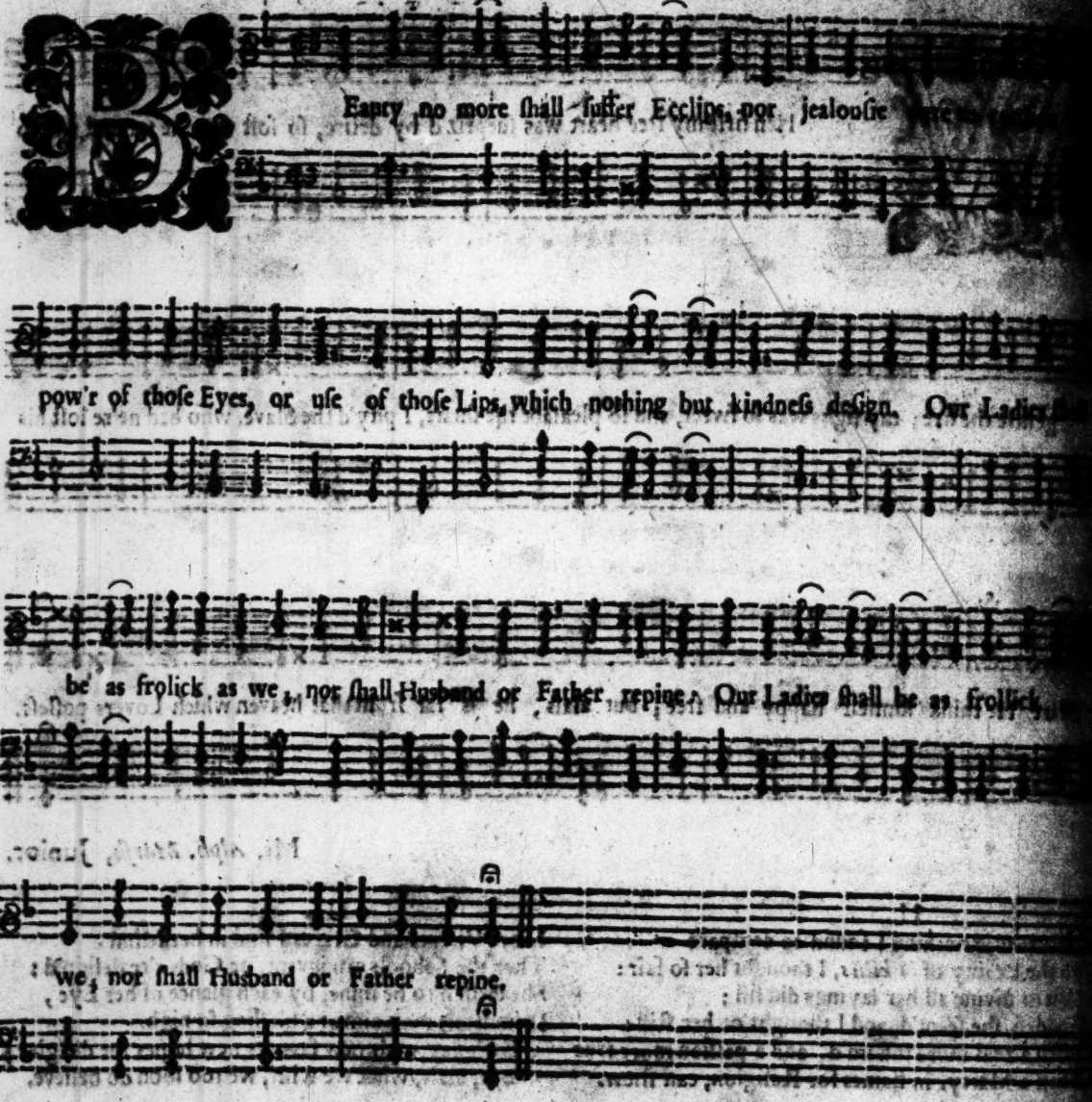
III.

More Virtues and Graces I find in her Mind,
Then the Schools can invent, or Gods e're deſign'd:
She ſeem'd to be mine, by each glance of her Eye,
If mortals may aim at a bleſſing ſo high.
Each day, with new favours, new hopes ſhe did give;
But, alaſs, what we wiſh, we too ſoon do believe.

II.

With awfull reſpect while I lov'd and admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt what I ſo much deſire,
In a moment the life of my hopes was deſtroy'd;
For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on and enjoy'd.
But, in ſpite of my fate, and the paine I endure,
I will try her again in a ſecond Amour.




Beauty no more shall suffer Ecclips, nor jealousie
pow'r of those Eyes, or use of those Lips, which nothing but kindness design. Our Ladies
be as frolick as we, nor shall Husband or Father repine. Our Ladies shall be as frollick
we, nor shall Husband or Father repine.

Mr. *Robert Smith*

II.

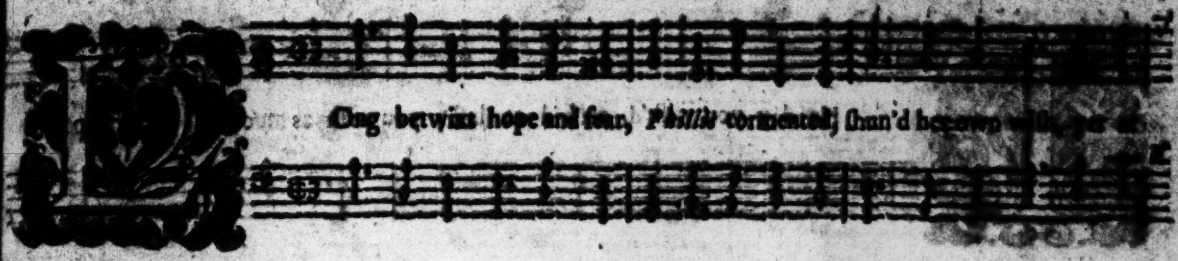
We'll banish the stratagems us'd by the States,
To keep the poor Lover in awe;
Henceforth they themselves shall rule their own fate,
And desire shall be to them Law:
Thus they being free from Padlock and Key,
May with their Reformers withdraw.

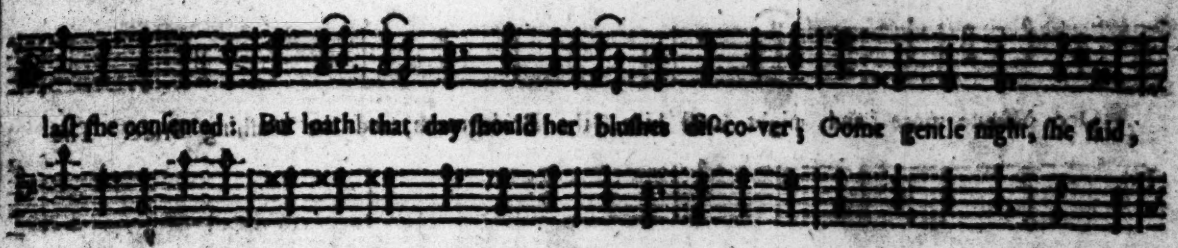
III.

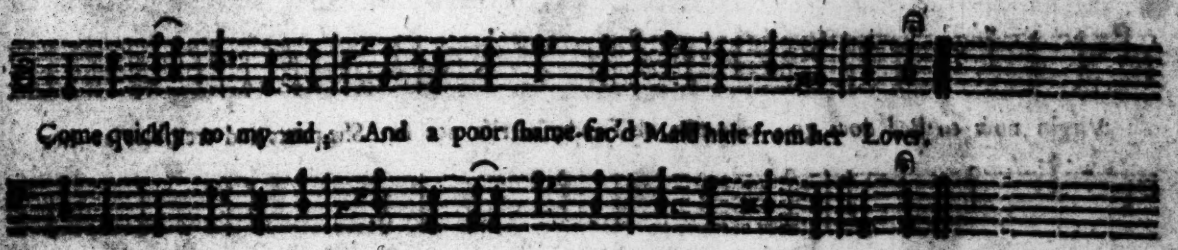
Where in private we'll teach them the Mysteries of love
And practice that Lecture over;
'Till we the fond scruple of honour remove,
And the end of our passion discover.
No Maid shall complain, or Wife sigh in vain;
For each may be eas'd by her Lover.

IV.

Away with all things that sound like to Laws,
In this our New Reformation;
Let the Formalist prate the Good old Cause,
'Tis a general Tolleration:
From this time we're free from Vile Heresie,
And a vizard Excommunication.







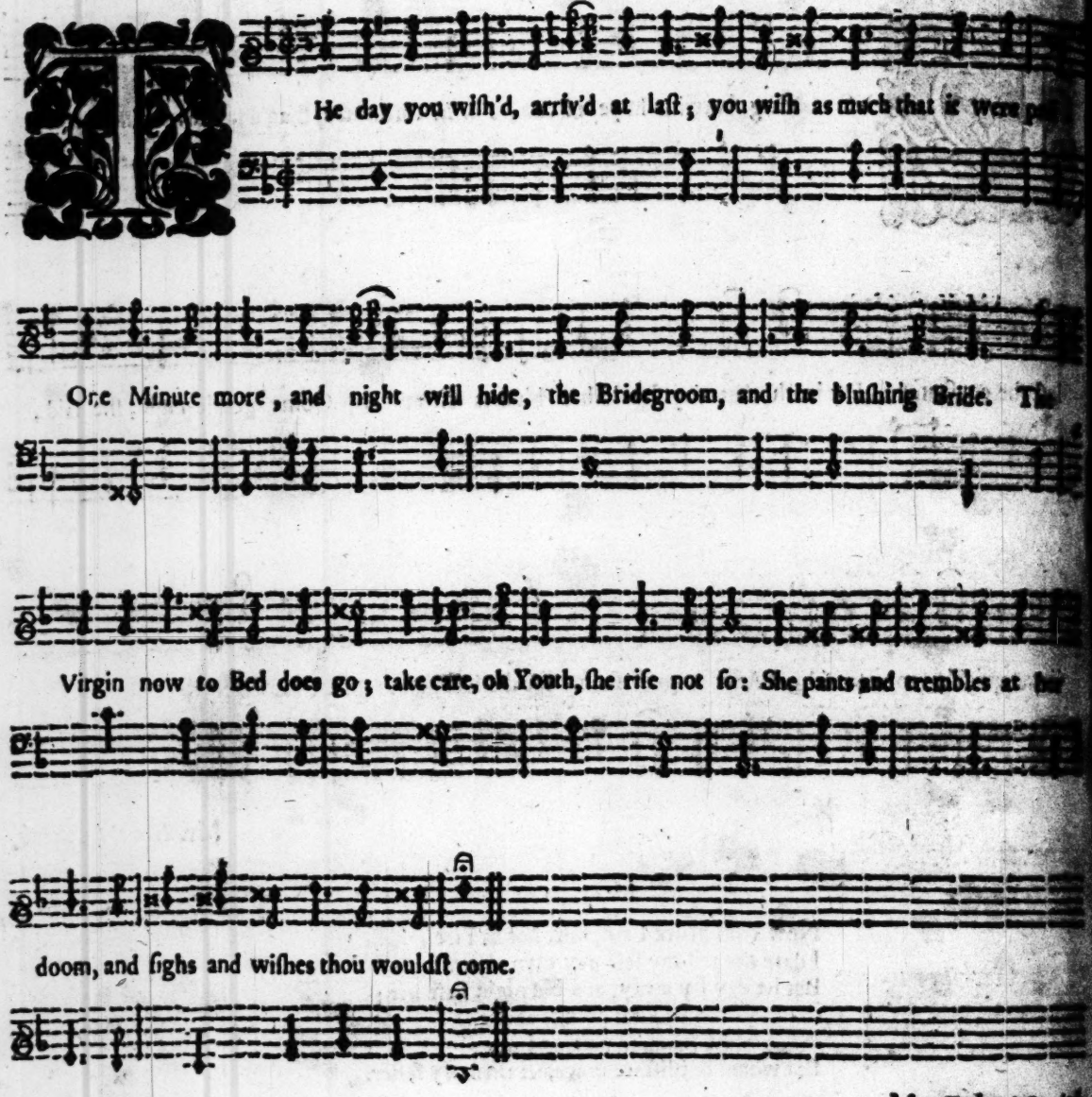
Mr. *Robert Smith*.

II.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire;
I dare not tell my self my own desire:
But let day fly away, and bid night haste her;
Grant ye kind pow'rs above
Slow hours to parting Love:
But whom to bliss we move, let them fly faster.

III.

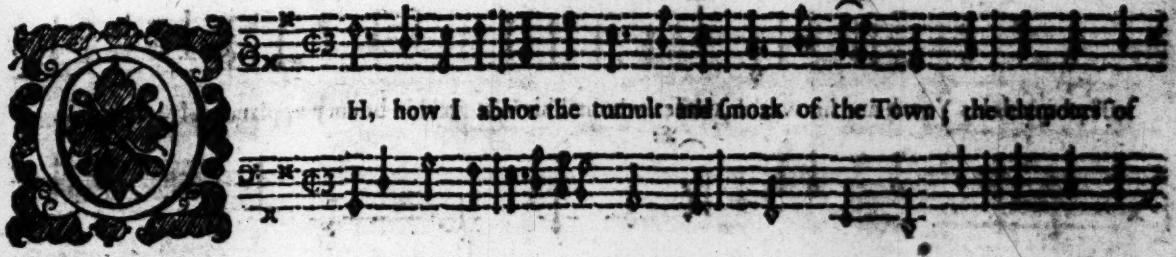
How sweet it is to Love, when I discover
Those Flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:
'Tis pity Love so true, should be mistaken;
If that this night he be
False, or unkind to me:
Let me dye, e're I see, That I'm forsaken.



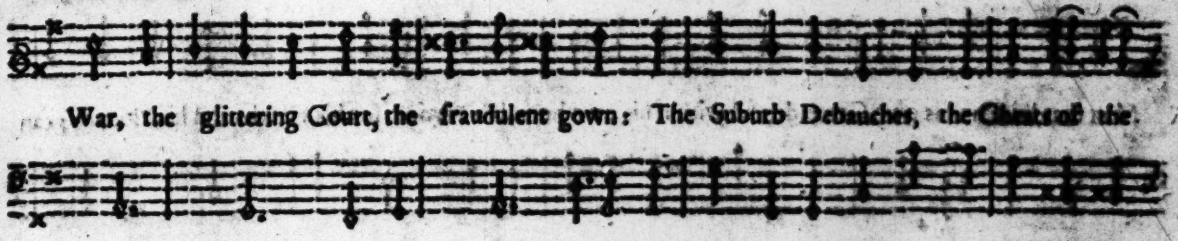
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

II.

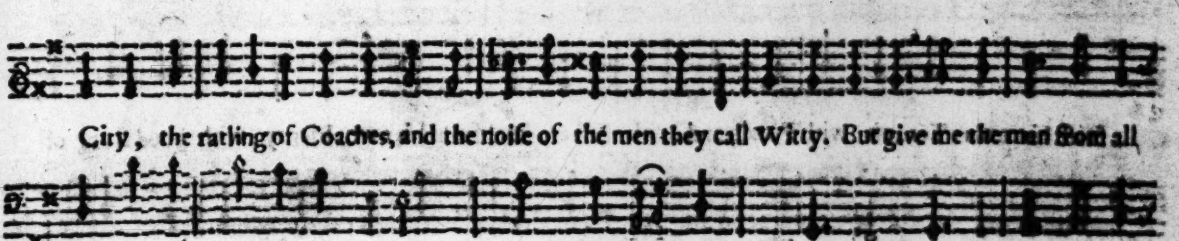
The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does use:
She softly sighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts his away:
Now out aloud for help she cryes,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.



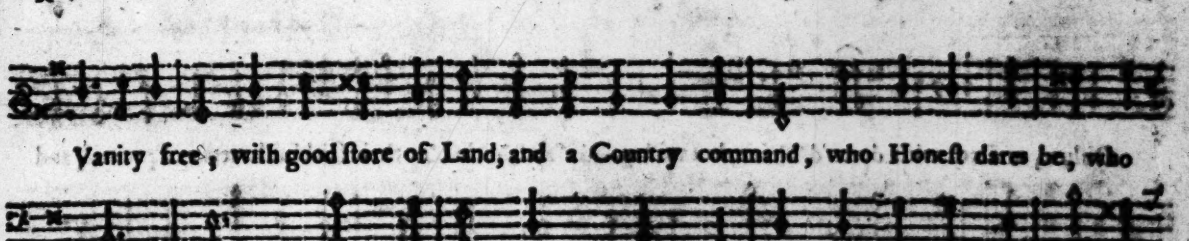
H, how I abhor the tumult and smoak of the Town; the clamours of



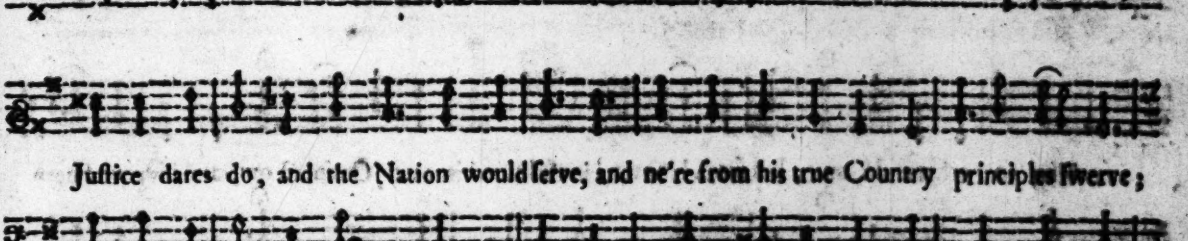
War, the glittering Court, the fraudulent gown: The Suburb Debauches, the Cheats of the



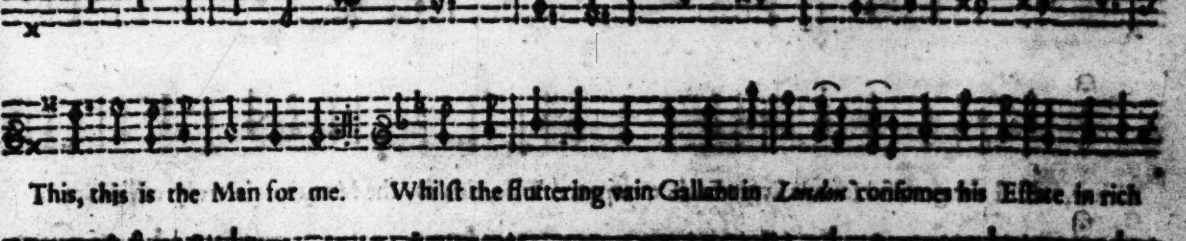
City, the rattling of Coaches, and the noise of the men they call Witty. But give me the man from all



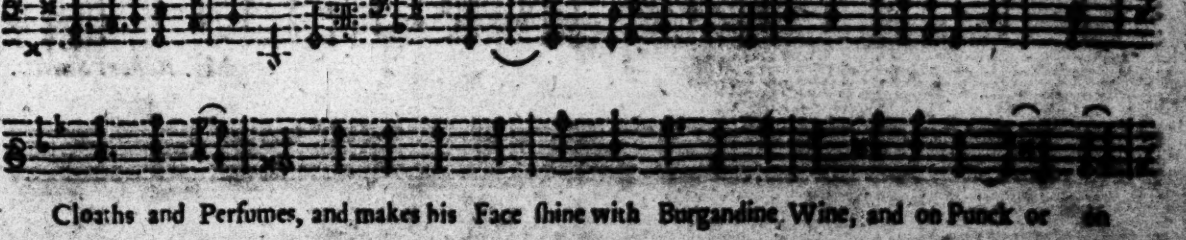
Vanity free, with good store of Land, and a Country command, who Honest dares be, who



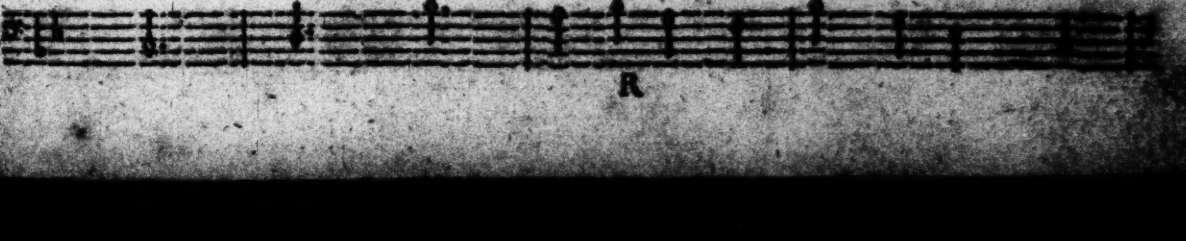
Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve, and ne're from his true Country principles swerve;

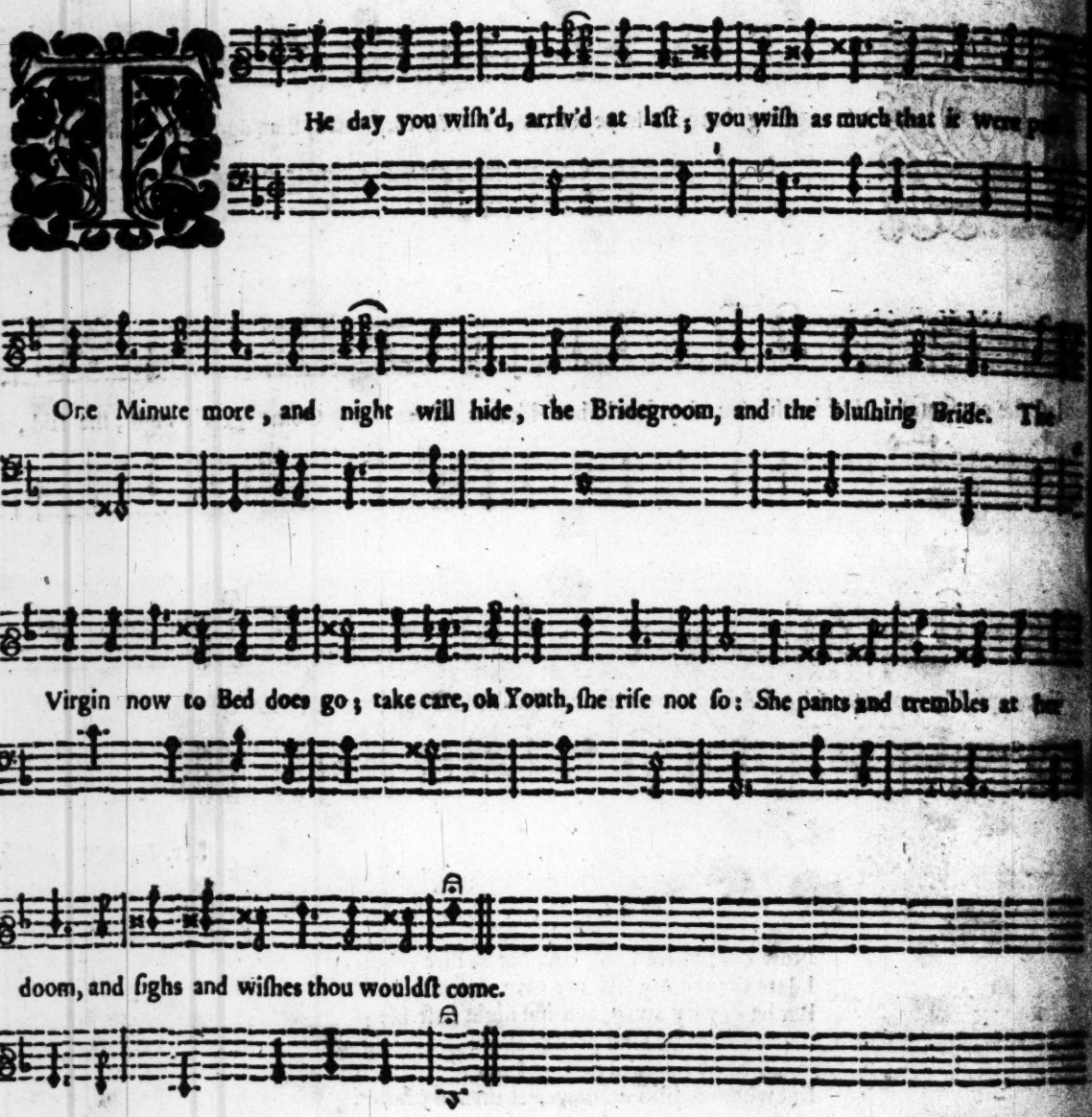


This, this is the Man for me. Whilst the fluttering vain Gallant in *London* consumes his Estate in rich



Cloaths and Perfumes, and makes his Face shine with Burgandine Wine, and on Punck or an





Mr. *Robert Smith.*

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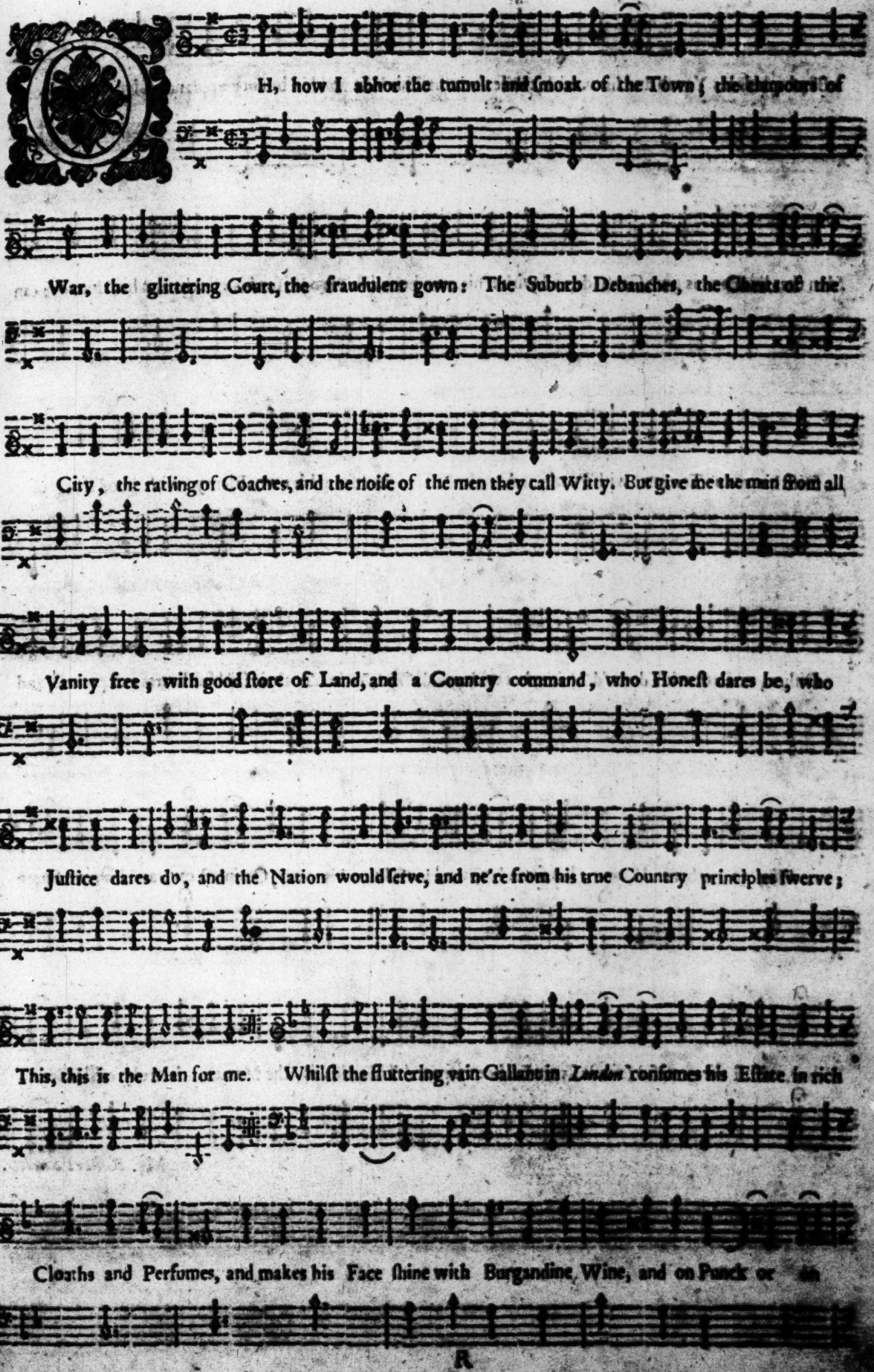
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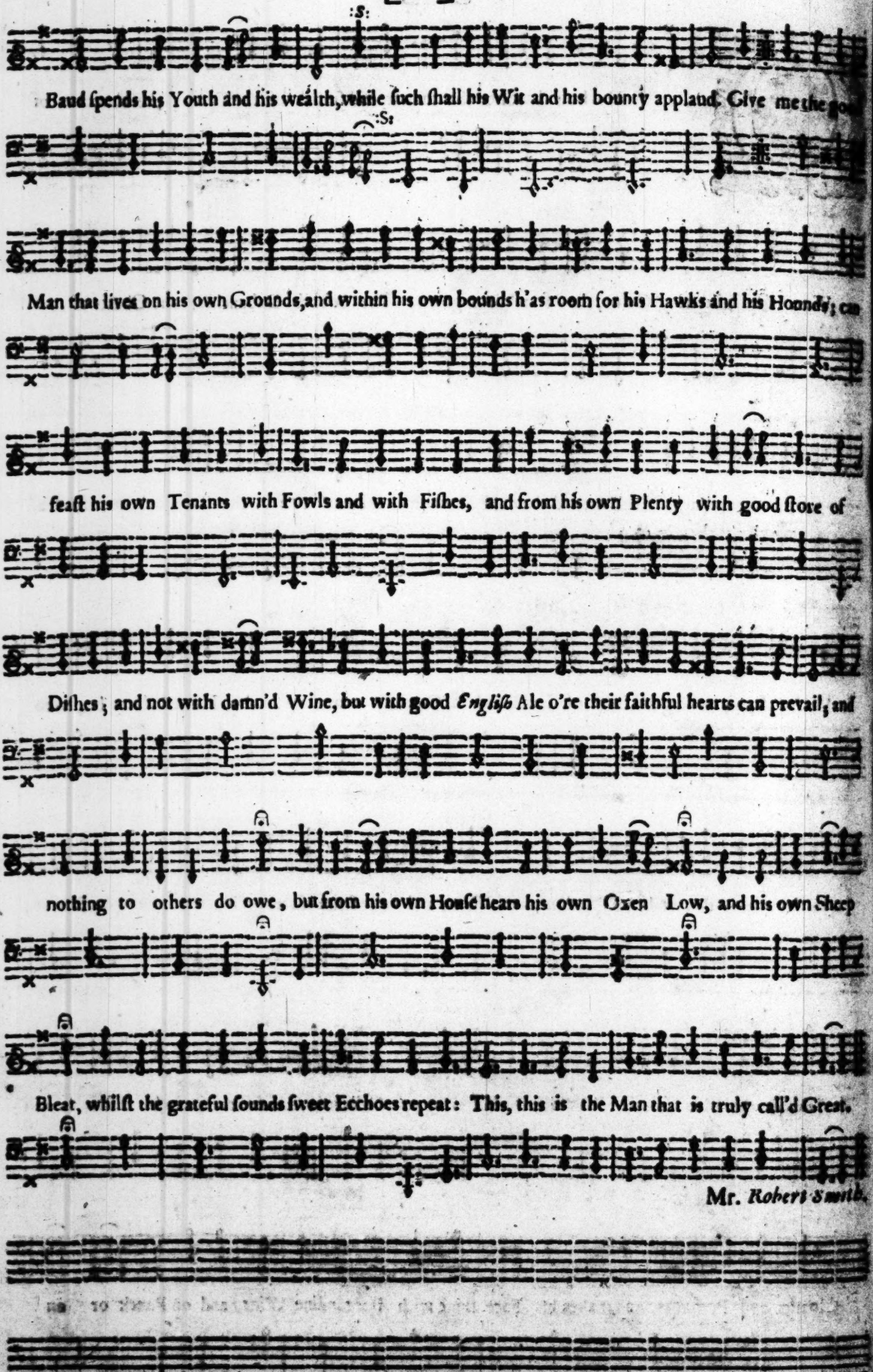
Baud ſpends his Youth and his wealth, while ſuch ſhall his Wit and his bounty applaud. Give me the
Man that lives on his own Grounds, and within his own bounds h'as room for his Hawks and his Hounds; can
feaſt his own Tenants with Fowls and with Fiſhes, and from his own Plenty with good ſtore of
Diſhes; and not with damn'd Wine, but with good *Engliſh* Ale o're their faithful hearts can prevail; and
nothing to others do owe, but from his own Houſe hears his own Oxen Low, and his own Sheep
Bleat, whilſt the grateful ſounds ſweet Ecchoes repeat: This, this is the Man that is truly call'd Great.
Mr. *Robert Smith.*

First Shepherdess.
A Heart in Loves empire, though Jocund and Blyche, from Care and from
Fears can never be free; 'tis said that with Pleasure we Languish and Sigh: But for ill can be
2d Shepherdess.
urg'd, there's nothing can be so pleasant, so pleasant as our Li--ber--tie. None are more
happy; nor none are more blest than whom Love does inspire with a gentle soft Fire; when
ei--ther do sigh, and neither can rest; how pleasant their Panting, how sweet their desire.
Love is a Blessing, though counted a pain; for take a-way Love, no Pleasures remain.

Shepherd

To ſubmit to Loves Law, Ah, how ſweet it would be; If in Love we could but ſo do it

ſee: But O Rigour extream! O Fate too unkind! A Shepherdeſs faithfull, no Man can find;

this faithleſs Sex ſo inconſtant doth prove, they ought not to Live or ought not to Love.

CHORUS.

Let's permit the ſoft fire to enflame our Deſire: Ah, how pleaſant, how pleaſant is Love, when two

CHORUS.

Let's permit the ſoft fire to enflame our Deſire: Ah how pleaſant, how pleaſant is Love, when two

hearts faithful do prove! Ah, how pleaſant, how pleaſant is Love, when two hearts faithful do prove.

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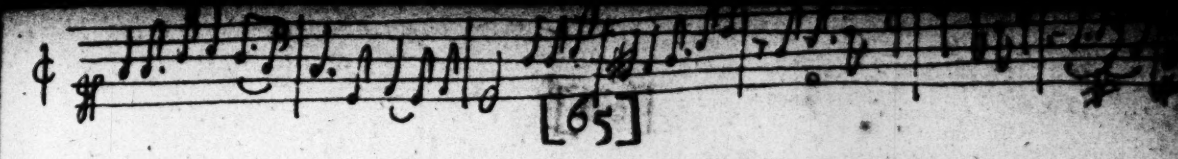
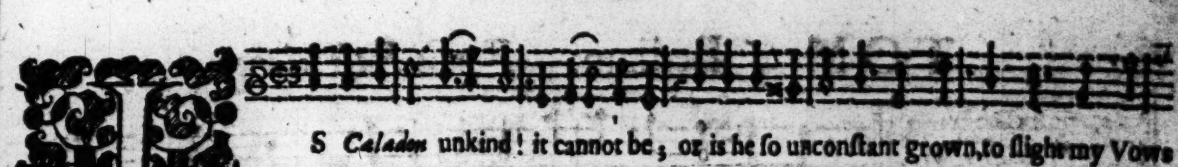
Mr. Robert Smith.



IS *Caladon* unkind! it cannot be; or is he ſo unconſtant grown, to ſlight my Vows

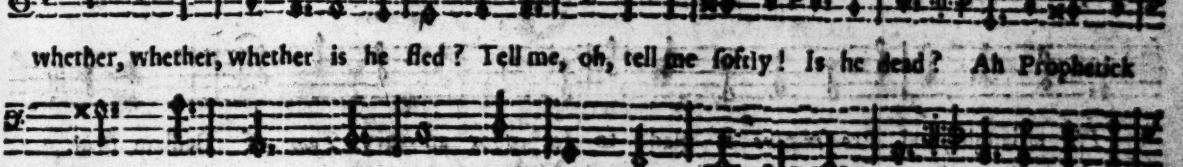


and break his own? No, oh no! forbid it Heav'n, it cannot be: Then my good Angel,

whether, whether, whether is he fled? Tell me, oh, tell me ſoftly! Is he dead? Ah Prophetick

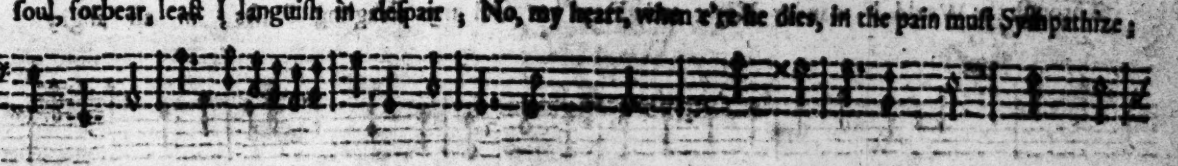
ſoul, forbear, leaſt I languiſh in deſpair; No, my heart, when e're he dies, in the pain muſt Sympathize;

ſince my Soul and his are one, I cannot live or die alone. *Flo-rel-la* forbear to diſtruſt or re-



pine, ſince his love and his ſufferings are e-qual with mine: And when he returns, if ever again, we'll

Kiſs away Sorrow, and Laugh away Pain.



TOM of Bedlam. *For a Baſs alone.*

Orth from the dark and diſmall Cell, or from the deep a---biſs of Hell

Mad *Tom* is come to view the World again, to ſee if he can

Cure his Diſtemper'd Brain: Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul; Hark, how the ang---ry Furies howl,

Plu--to laughs, and *Pro-ſer-pine* is glad; to ſee poor an---gry *Tom* of Bedlam mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day, for find my ſtragling Senſes; in an angry

mood I met Old Time with his Pentateuch of Tenſes; when me he ſpies, a-way he flies, for

Time will ſtay for no man; in vain with eryes, I rend the Skies, for Pit--ty is not com-mon.

Cold and comfortleſs, I lye, help, help, oh help, or elſe I dye! Hark, I hear *Apollo's*

Team, the Carman 'gins to whiſtle; Chaſt *Diana* bends her Bow, and the Boar begins to briſtle.

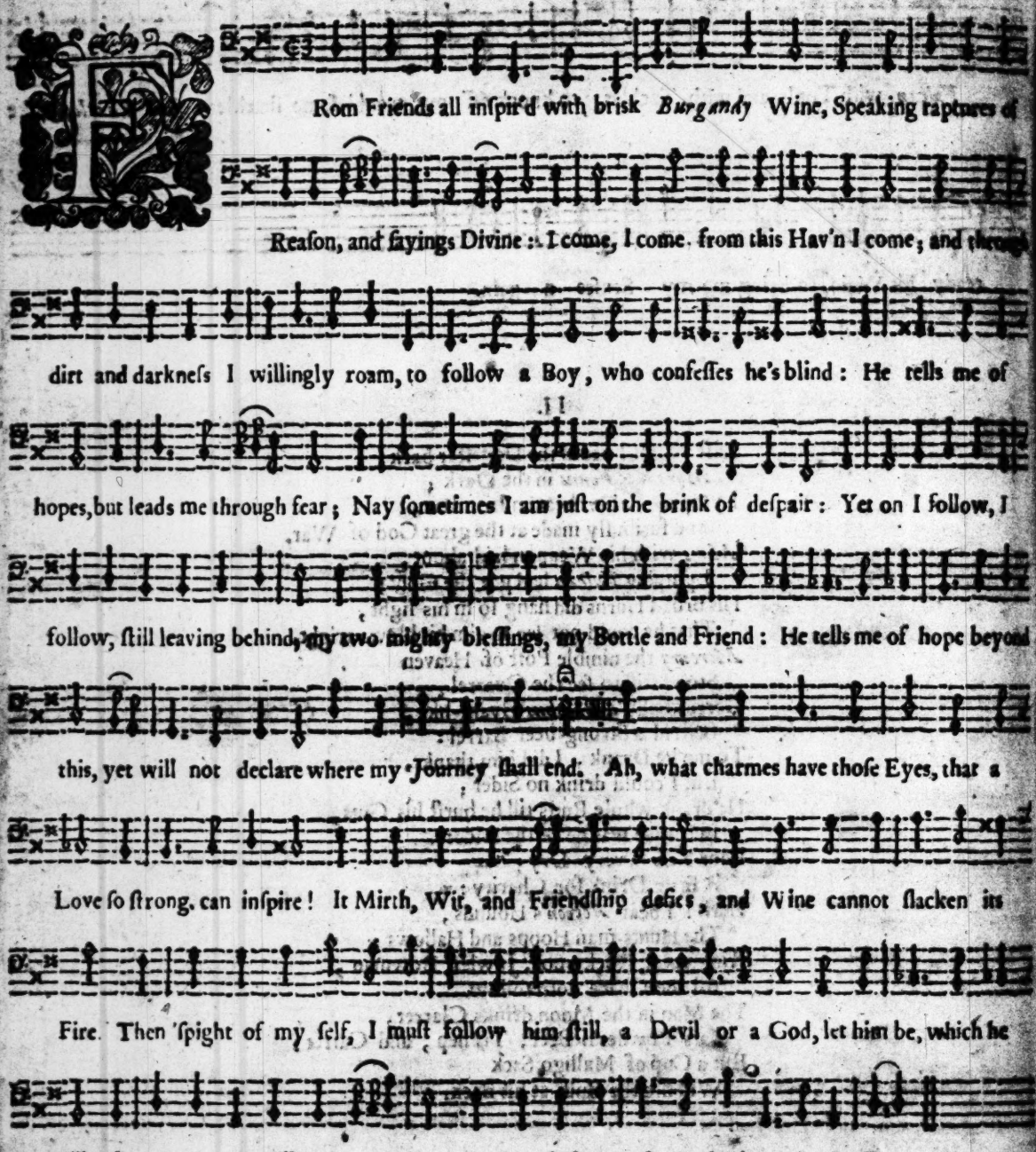
Vulcan with Tools and with Tackles, to knock off my troublesome ſhackles: Bid *Charles* make

ready his Wain, to bring me my Senſes a-gain.

II.

Laſt Night I heard the Dog-ſtar bark;
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark,
Lymping *Vulcan* bear an Iron Bar,
And furiouſly made at the great God of War.
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Lymping *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did hang ſo in his light,
That he could not ſee to aim his blows aright.
Mercury the nimble Poſt of Heaven
Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel.
Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus* Gyant-like,
Beſtrid a Strong-beer Barrel:
To me he Drank, I did him thank,
But I could drink no Sider;
He drank whole Butts till he burſt his Guts,
But mine was ne're the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very Dry;
A little Drink for Charity:
Hark! I hear *Actæon*'s Hounds,
The Hunts-man Hoops and Hallows;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chace doth follow.
The Man in the Moon drinks Clarret,
Eats Powder'd-Beef, Turnep, and Carret:
But a Cup of Malligo Sack
Will fire the Bush at his Back.

For a Bass alone.


FRom Friends all inspir'd with brisk *Burgandy* Wine, Speaking raptures of
Reason, and sayings Divine: I come, I come from this Hav'n I come; and through
dirt and darkness I willingly roam, to follow a Boy, who confesses he's blind: He tells me of
hopes, but leads me through fear; Nay sometimes I am just on the brink of despair: Yet on I follow, I
follow, still leaving behind, my two mighty blessings, my Bottle and Friend: He tells me of hope beyond
this, yet will not declare where my Journey shall end. Ah, what charmes have those Eyes, that a
Love so strong, can inspire! It Mirth, Wit, and Friendship defies, and Wine cannot slacken its
Fire. Then 'spight of my self, I must follow him still, a Devil or a God, let him be, which he
will: I cannot, nay, will not re---tire; no, though I were sure to be burnt in the Fire.

Mr. *Robert Smith.*

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